

THE WAR CRY

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CHAS. T. RICH, Lt.-Commissioner.

Happy Jack of Calgary

By ADJUTANT W. R. PUTT

Twice "drummed out" of the British Army—A reprobate of reprobates—A gang leader for Hell—But in the end a King's Son and finally a Warrior before The Throne

FROM the dawn of its eventful and romantic history, The Army's pathway has been studded with precious uncut gems; diamonds from the rough and jewels from the mire. One by one these remarkable trophies of grace are being transferred to the Saviour's diadem beyond the starry skies. If it be that some jewels shine with greater lustre in the Master's crown than others, as not a few of us think, then certain it is that those who have been won from the darkest depths of sin to lives of triumphant victory in Christ, will be among those which shine above the rest in brilliance.

As we write we have in mind a Comrade whose conversion and life constituted a perpetual wonder to all with whom he came into contact, and if ever The Army had a living testimony to the power of Divine grace to change a brute to an angel, it surely had it in "Happy" Jack Saunders, whose career recently was lovingly and reverently borne to a Calgary cemetery. As one of the speakers said in the crowded Memorial Service at which there were many seekers, "He was a wonderful inspiration to the people of the Calgary Corps."

The early career of Jack Saunders in the Old Land was full of wild adventure and roguery, for he was the leader of a gang of young thieves which terrorized the district in which he lived, for miles around. Raid after raid did these young rogues make upon the goods and chattels of law-abiding townspeople, until neither life nor property were felt to be safe.

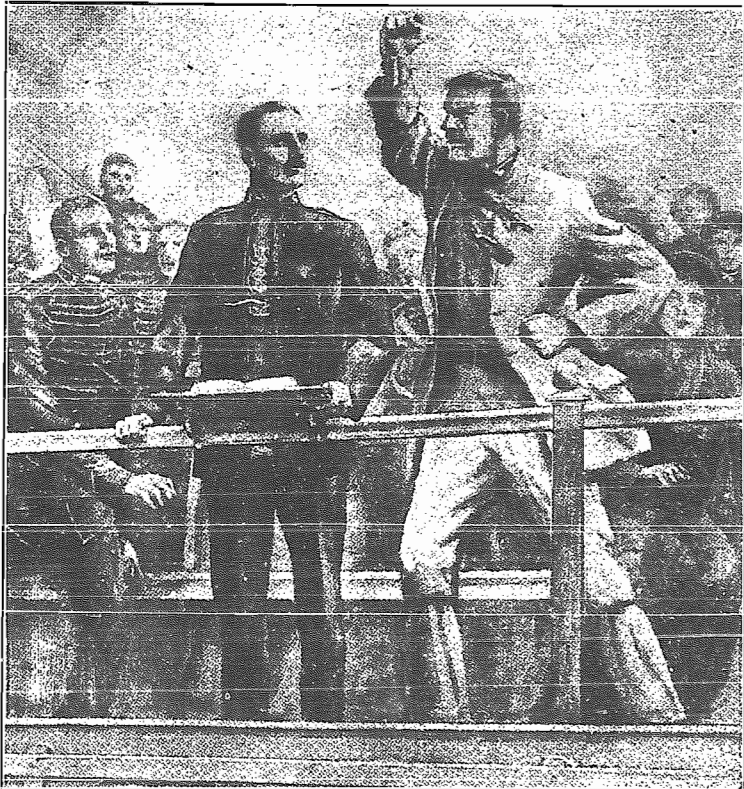
The police had their hands more than full with the activities of the gang, and although their planned raids were intercepted and the captured members given heavy sentences in prison, yet the gang survived to the dismay of the people. Jack himself was incarcerated in the "stone jug" for many months at a stretch and even in jail proved a thorn in the side of his jailers. He could use his bare fists, and boots too when necessary, and many were the times when he tried his pugilistic skill upon what were to him, his natural enemies. Of course, these periodic outbursts invariably meant an extension of his frequent terms of imprisonment, and in consequence his hatred for these institutions of incarceration did not, by any means, grow less.

Twice did Jack enlist in the British Army, but both times the stern discipline of the military utterly failed to tame his wild unmanageable spirit, and he was ignominiously "drummed out" with the violent epithets of his superior officers heaped upon his head. It was a case of "out of the frying pan into the fire" for he quickly got into fresh trouble and landed in jail, where he would cool his heels for several months.

Jail sentences and the stern discipline of the military having utterly failed to reform our hero, the authorities were ready to throw up their hands in utter despair. "What can you do with such a reprobate as this?" they exclaimed in effect, and a little righteous wrath was exercised in regard to the matter.

But what the jail and military authorities failed to do, The Salvation Army, by the help of God, accomplished with (to most folks) astonishing ease. It came about in this wise.

When the nefarious activities of the gang reached a pinnacle of audacity, The Salvation Army opened fire on the town—a strange occurrence to the residents, and not a little resented high society as well as low. To the gang,



His brawny fist shot out to strike the Captain

however, the event gave promise of another glorious "spree" with plenty of fun, and the chance of a "free-for-all" in the bargain.

As bold as brass the first Sunday night Jack Saunders led his gang, well primed with stimulants, into The Army Hall where, while the Meeting was in progress, they brazenly commenced to play cards.

This did not seem to have the desired effect of upsetting the equanimity of the Officer in charge, and the ringleader resolved to create a little excitement. He therefore strode up the aisle to the platform with the intention of pulling the Officer down.

"Jack," cried the Officer, who evidently knew something of him, looking steadfastly into his interrupter's eyes without the slightest sign of fear; "Jack—Christ died to save you!"

The ringleader's brawny fist shot out to strike the Captain, and right then and there a remark-

able thing happened. The huge fist suddenly stopped short of its mark—it seemed as though an invisible hand had gripped the bully's arm with paralyzing force.

A moment or two of open-mouthed suspense on the part of the startled audience and the raised arm dropped to his side. Jack was beaten, and he knew it!

That night saw a remarkable procession to The Army Penitentiary headed by the leader of the gang, and not a few of its members. The Lion of Judah came mightily to the aid of the weeping penitents; chains of sin were snapped asunder and the Meeting closed with the joyous hallelujahs of the Salvationists. It was a grand victory, and Jack and his mates left The Army Hall on that memorable night, saved and sober, to live new lives thenceforth.

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Happy Jack of Calgary

(Continued from page 1)

From then on, the change that came about in Jack Saunders' own life became the talk of the town. He became a veritable "woman" and the lion was turned into a lamb and the brutal drunken gangster into a steady sober worker and husband.

Jack never tired of telling the story of how he took home his first week's honest pay in many years. He was given by employers a brand new sovereign (about five dollars) and instead of coming home drunk and scaring his wife and children out of their wits, he met them with a hug and a smile. That Sunday the family had roast beef for dinner, something they had never known before.

Then, as time went on, he earned more money and the children were properly clothed and his wife cheered with comforts and the boxes and bricks which did duty for table and chairs were replaced by proper furniture. No wonder that Jack's favorite song in after years became "Oh, what a change." Many times we have heard Jack give his remarkable testimony on the streets of Calgary and the crowds would be held spellbound as he told of his wonderful deliverance from sin and drink.

In his quaint Yorkshire dialect he would tell how he came to Christ "with two black eyes and a broken nose and never a shirt scarce to my back." How God cleaned him up from being drunken Jack and sent him home Mr. Jolus Saunders.

In prison garb
Dressed often in prison garb when he gave his thrilling testimony our Comrade was always sure of an attentive hearing and never failed to impress his audiences.

Jack, from the start of his Christian life, had anything but an easy time of it. His old mates would meet him coming home from his day's labor and do their utmost to persuade him to enter the beer house and drink with them. But Jack always turned the tables upon his tempters by giving his testimony red hot, and inviting them to The Army Meetings.

He could well sing a well known Army song of those days:

My old companions fare ye well,
I will not go with you to hell,
I mean with Jesus Christ to dwell,
Let me go!

Many a soul did Jack win for the Master by his stout witness to the power of the Blood to save.

Happy Jack, and the title became his, fought vigorously the good fight of faith for many years in his native land and, after emigrating to Canada, did not allow his new surroundings to influence him to slacken up in the Salvation warfare. For several months previous to his death our Comrade rapidly gained in health, but he was a worker right up to the very last day, always at the Meetings. His voice became husky but his testimony still had the old ring of triumph.

"Oh, what a change"
When the veteran rose up to give his testimony in Calgary, Canada, the Bandmen invariably struck up his favorite chorus, "Oh what a change," and Jack would say, "I want you Bandmen to sing that chorus at my graveside."

One of the Bandmen afterwards recording the incident in simple, but eloquent language says: "We laid our Comrade Jack to rest with full Salvation Army honors, carrying out his wishes by singing his favorite chorus."

Says the same Comrade, "Jack will be missed from the Calgary Open-Air stand on Centre Street, and Calgary, too, but he was a King's son and he has gone to receive his reward and crown after forty-four years of service for the King of kings in the ranks of The Salvation Army."

And it may not be inappropriate to add that Jack's desire to see "His wonderful face" has at last been gratified.

The writer wishes to express his indebtedness to Treasurer W. Gray of the Calgary Citadel Corps for particulars of Brother Jack Saunders' career and Promotion to Glory.

It is all right to go into a dark closet and pray for light, but don't go to sleep and forget to come out and "let your light shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in Heaven."

.. Bob and I ..

By Commissioner T. H. Kitching, Editor-in-Chief, International Headquarters

WE MET at the Penitent-Form—a good place that, to form a friendship. Bob was a Sergeant; I was a sealer, and only a boy.

Bob spoke to me as he knelt by my side, prayed for me, showed me the way into the Kingdom.

That was on a Sunday night more than forty years ago.

The next evening I turned up, as Bob and the Captain had told me I must, at the Open-Air, on the Horseshoe, and it was Bob who in that same Meeting encouraged me to give my first testimony.

Good to see him

Then years passed by, and the next time we met, Bob was a Staff-Captain in the Division in which I had risen by now to be a Sergeant.

How good it was to see him again, to watch him as, with his manly stride, he marched at the head of the procession through the busy city streets, to listen to his hearty laugh, to hear his "Amen!" when he called upon me to pray.

Army service led us thousands of miles apart from one another and we seldom met.

After all sorts of up-and-down experiences we found ourselves, years later, thrown together at L.H.Q.—in the same Department indeed.

Then once again Bob was sent across the sea. During a brief visit which I paid to the land and city in which he was fighting for God and The Army we met and he was around the tea-table in his quarters.

Bob and his wife, who for his forty-four had stood by him in a thousand battles, were wearing the red crests of their rank. Many a yarn we pitched, during that all-too-short hour, of victories scored beneath the Flag.

Torn with grief

Again after seven years of separation—seven years during which our only interchange of thought was by letter. Then one morning there came a letter from Bob saying that he was coming to England on a brief visit. His heart was torn with grief—his wife had been taken from him—the voyage would do him good, body and soul.

At the earliest opportunity we met—he came down to the railway station to

greet me—in the old city in which we had both "joined up."

Almost instinctively we turned our steps towards the spot where we had both knelt to seek the forgiveness of God the place where Bob had prayed me into the Kingdom.

The building was burned to the ground thirty years ago or more, but we knew the place well enough to mark out the spot upon which the Penitent-Form used to stand, and once again together, hand in hand, we renewed our vows to God.

True, Bob is no longer on "active service"; officially he is "retired," but



Commissioner Kitching

he still has the old fire and love for souls, and he still takes his stand at the Open-Air, and fights it out to the end of the Prayer-Meeting every Sunday night.

Before sailing again for Canada he came up to London, called to see me at Headquarters and also at my house, and I saw him off on the boat train at Waterloo. His good-bye "Amen!" sounded just the same as it did that night he prayed me into the Kingdom.

I thank God whenever I think of Bob.

(The above striking story is reprinted from "The Warrior: The Army's International Magazine for Corps Cadets, and other young People. Order from The Trade Department, 317 Carlton St., Winnipeg. \$1.00 per annum.)

"His pierced feet, His hands and side
Four thorns redemption healing made."
Wednesday, Exodus 32:1-11. "Every one which sought the Lord went out . . . without the camp." Thus they made themselves marked people. They not only chose to be on God's side, but were not afraid nor ashamed to let others know it. Sometimes we too have to go "unto Him" without the Camp, bearing His reproach."

Thursday, Exodus 32:12-23. "My presence shall go with thee." Moses felt that he and his people would rather perish in the Wilderness than proceed on their journey without their Divine Guide. If we are determined to go nowhere without God, we will certainly abide with us to bless and direct us in daily life, in special service, in hours of trial. Whilst living in right relationship to Him, we may expect His loving guidance, moment by moment as we go on.

Friday, Exodus 34:1-17. "The Lord descended in a cloud." This is still God's way. He will descend in the cloud, of sorrow, or disappointment, or trial, and stand with us in it. "Then swift the dark shall flee before the Day. And God shall comfort us in His great way."

Thus, on the darkest cloud may bring us blessing. But if we refuse His companionship in the cloud, then it is dark indeed.

Saturday, Exodus 34:27-35. "Moses wist not that . . . his face shone." Those who spend time in secret prayer, beholding "as in a mirror the glory of the Lord," gradually and unconsciously come to reflect even in their outward expression something of His radiant love, so that their very presence becomes a blessing.

My Back, Christ's Back, God's Back

I turned my back on Jesus,
On Heaven, on good, on God;
As fast as sin could try,
I ran the hellward road.
My pace was set for pleasure,
My feet were swift in sin;
The voice of God was stifled
Amidst earth's clanging din.

Ah! then I heard of Jesus
Who gave His Back for me;
Into the hands of smiters,
Who nailed Him to the tree,
His head they bound with thorns,
His face was sorely marked;
His hands and feet were wounded,
His body pierced and scarred.

And now, O blessed portion,
My sins are gone from me;
The very God of Heaven
Has plucked them in the sea.
His face is beaming on me,
No good thing can I lack;
Before His throne I worship,
My sins are at God's Back.

Freight Cars on the Track

Lieutenant Lilian Parr, Virden

I WONDER if you know how awkward it is to be living on the far side of the railroad tracks. Well, that is just our position, and often when we go down town, or to the Hall, (especially if we are in a hurry) there are almost certain to be two or more freight trains pulled in at the station, and forming an unwieldy barrier between ourselves and our destination.

The perversity of life

Of course we discuss the perversity of life in general, and the obnoxiousness of freight cars in particular; but that does not move them. The fact is that we are so long that walking round them is out of the question, so, lacking the power to move them, we take a middle course. This means clambering through them, which is not so easy as it sounds. We grasp the rail at the side, firmly, and after one or two ineffectual attempts, succeed in obtaining a precarious footing between the cars. Just at this interesting moment the engine starts to snort, sending a pang of fear to our hearts, and we jump quickly, landing with a thud on the soft snow. We find the cars still there on our return journey, impeding our progress, unless, of course, we have the power upon the throttle, has set the long line of cars in motion, and left the track clear.

Now, with a touch of fellow-feeling, I am wondering if there are any freight trains bothering you, or if the tracks are clear where you live. Do you find great barriers across your Christian life, something which looms dark and forbidding across your path, and which seem to hinder you continually in pushing forward the business of the King? It may be temper or pride, or selfishness, or coldness, which prevents you getting where you wish to be or accomplishing what you set out to do? Do you stand still when these obstacles are reached, or do you clamber painfully through, to find you have to meet again and again the same barrier with a possibility of spiritual danger and death? If you are doing any of these things I want you all to know that neither are necessary, but there is a better way. Appeal to the Great Engineer, and as you walk boldly forward you will find His power will sweep, and keep the tracks clear.

Why not use the subway?

But, I say, sister; why wait for the obstacles to be removed; why worry about "cars on the track"? Why not use the subway? I know it is a little bit further round—not in the direct way home, but you might get home all the way, and it would be safer.

Don't you remind yourselves, sister, that the old Israelites did get to the Promised Land even though "the vent not by the way that was near." I don't want to spoil your delightful little homily. It has done my soul good, but I am inclined to the view that the way is not always our way; and that now and again He deliberately blocks the track, so that we may go His way.—Ed.

Daily Bible Meditations



Sunday, Exodus 32:1-10. "Moses delayed to come down." Meanwhile, his waiting people, growing weary and impatient fell into grievous sin. Waiting times are always a great test of character. Many fail then who do well in more active times. Our waiting days should be praying days, when, with calm faith and patient hope we seek to know God's will and the lessons He would have us learn. So shall we be saved from the fretful spirit which so often leads to sinful action and future sorrow.

Monday, Exodus 32:11-24. "And Moses' anger waxed hot." Moses saw sin and its terrible consequences because he lived close to God and knew how sin looked to His pure, holy eyes. The closer we are to God the more our sin becomes, both in ourselves and in others.

Tuesday, Exodus 32:25-35. "Whosoever sinneth against Me, him will I blot out of My book." Even Moses, great as he was, could not take the place of the sinning people and bear their punishment. Only one—the very Son of God—can be a sin-bearer, and so He avert God's righteous judgment on the sinner. "He is the propitiation for our sins."

**GET READY FOR THE GREAT
"SOULS AND SOLDIERS" CRUSADE**

The Chariot calls for The Army's Fiery Elijah

Commissioner Elijah Cadman goes to Glory—"A British Working-man at the Age of Five"—The Army's First Captain—A World-wide Prophet of Fire

Commissioner Elijah Cadman, who became a Salvation Army Officer from Rugby in 1876, was promoted to Glory, from his home at Catford, on Monday, December 12th, at the age of 84.

There was surely excitement in Heaven that day, for Elijah Cadman had arrived with enough stories of the power of God among men to make the Heavenly Christmas season a notable experience amongst some of the angels! No star of promise rose at his birth, unless it was some baleful foreteller of human degradation shining in upon a Coventry slum dwelling. But all the bells in Heaven's steeple were surely joining The Army's chorus of praise for the amazing trophy of Divine grace who was ready when the chariot lowered for him.

Five months old

Elijah Cadman began the life of a disturber at an early age. When he was five months old a sister, driven to distraction by his continuous protests, dropped him into a deep sewer-hole in the hope that he would never be heard of again! His mother, however, searched until she found the child, and so saved for Rugby's rattlepates another burden. Within twelve months, this baby, with his brothers, sisters, and mother, arrived at the workhouse. His father was being removed from harm's way by a paternal Government! In the workhouse, he fell into the well, but was rescued again and inhabited the smallest pair of trousers ever known in the establishment.

When his grandmother sent him to school, at a charge of two pence per week, he was so troublesome that he was every day put down into a dark hole beneath the schoolhouse, where, staying from nine till twelve, and two to four o'clock, he began getting his "education" in the subterranean dimness. He developed rapidly under this novel and drastic treatment, for, discovering that a glimmer of light in a dark corner indicated the existence of a chimney, he taught himself a trade by escaping from school.

At five and a half years of age, thus equipped with a calling, he began work as a sweep. Growing in knowledge of the world, this diminutive product of such unpromising circumstances gradually gathered around him a gang of roughts, whom he so drilled in lawlessness that they dominated the whole district surrounding Rugby; he was dubbed "King of the Roughts."

Convicted of sin at a hanging

It is entirely in keeping with the whole story of his life that he was first definitely convicted of sin at a public hanging, to see which he and his friends had journeyed to Warwick, the spectacle being meant to complete a lawless Christmas. As the small but respectable leader of the expedition caught sight of the faces of the two men as they swung from the gallows, a voice in his ear said, "Elijah, that's what you'll come to!" The "prophet" was a male making a frightful jest, but in the twinkling of an eye Cadman had resolved never to touch drink again.

Soon afterwards Elijah was converted, after smashing up his boxing-rooms, and he announced the astonishing fact to the world by interrupting a Methodist preacher's sermon with wild yells of "Glory!" Many of his pals were soon converted also, and Cadman became a noted revivalist. Some years later he visited London,

and walking down the Whitechapel Road heard a preacher talking about "Election." As soon as the man had finished, Elijah was on his stool proclaiming Salvation for everybody!

Satisfied that he had borne his witness, he jumped into a horse-tramcar, but soon got off again when he saw another crowd, falling almost into the porch of the Christian Mission Headquarters, where a meeting was beginning. There he "had another word," followed at the end of the service by an interview with the Founder. What the Leader of the Christian Mission thought of his latest recruit can be judged by an extract from the Founder's diary of that period: "Interviewed Cadman, the sweep from Rugby—a rough gem—he offered for the Mission—accepted him." Mr. Cadman had prospered, but he sold his business and came to London to take charge of our Hackney Mission Hall.

His love of a fight

Who can tell of the Commissioner's exploits in The Army—of how his insatiable "love of a fight" bore him through obstacles made the more formidable by his tactics—of his unending originality—of his popularity with the crowd whose language he used with a rough but effective eloquence—of his imprisonments, his conquests of infidel strongholds, his dynamic energy, his shrewdness, and not least his sublime faith for the worst?

This remarkable man thought that everything created was for the purpose of winning souls; that every means was legitimate, and that his crusade was the only affair of importance in the universe. His forthrightness, his originality, his dauntless courage endeared him to the Founder. Cadman could make himself heard, and Cadman could bring conviction upon the crowd. If "elephant" came into his head, he used "elephant" to arrest the people; if "herring," or "seals," or "sealing-wax," or any other thing, well, he made of them a shaft to hurl at the Devil.

The Commissioner could neither read nor write when he was saved; consequently he learned songs and passages of Scripture off by heart and gave them out with the book upside down! But, his mind quickened by the Holy Spirit, and devotedly taught by Mrs. Cadman—who was herself Promoted to Glory in 1923—he acquired sufficient learning to command important sections of Army work.

Captain Elijah Cadman

In 1877, at Whitley, one of his earliest charges, his ready wit made history. All Europe was watching a struggle between Russia and Turkey, and every one was

talking in army terms; so Cadman, announcing a visit of the Founder, broke the news that "The General of the Halle-lujah Army" was coming. This was the first time that the title of General was publicly given to the Founder; at the same time he described himself as Captain Elijah Cadman. Such apt descriptions were readily taken up and later made official.

Exploits were performed at Leeds, then a stronghold of infidelity. Thence Cadman went to Coventry, his home town, where, surrounded by a howling mob of sympathizers, he rode off to Warwick Jail, to serve fourteen days' imprisonment on the spot where God had first spoken to him. Hundreds found the Saviour during his bitter winter stay at New Castle. Then he was made a Major and appointed to the Yorkshire Division. Memorable, dashing days! Nine and a half years and Mrs. Caoman labored in the North of England, Corps springing up on moors and in valleys, by stream and sea, until The Army became a household word from Trent to Tweed.

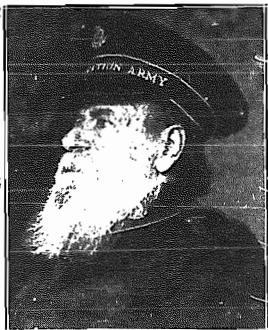
Appointed to International Headquarters in 1888, Colonel Cadman placed his native shrewdness and ready mind at The Army's disposal to good effect. In 1890 he was given the oversight of the Men's Social Work in Great Britain, and for ten years used his "knock-down-the-Devil-and-jump-on-his-spirit" to solve problems financial, administrative, and spiritual in order to—using one of his familiar phrases—"make a people which are not a people."

His unquenchable spirit

When appointed as International Travelling Commissioner, he went far and wide with his uncompromising message and original methods, so that to-day hundreds of people in Canada, Africa, Australia, India, the West Indies, the United States, and on the Continent remember vividly those amazing parable-appeals of his, delivered in the harsh Cadman voice possessed by none other and driven home by his unquenchable spirit.

Colonel Miller relates how once, when on tour in Newfoundland the Commissioner was describing how David killed the lion and the bear. When the lion appeared David simply pushed his hand down his throat, took him by the tail, and pulled him inside out. A man in the audience protested: "Sir, that is a lie!" but Cadman quickly said: "My friend, how do you know? You were not there!"

Many volumes could be filled with accounts of this intrepid warrior's exploits. He consecrated the methods of the circus and the street-gang and used



them to win thousands from the Devils' ranks. Without its Elijah Cadman, The Army would not be quite what it has become. He made his unique contribution to the Organization which, in all parts of the world, will honor the memory of this rough diamond in a Commissioner's coat, changed by the power of God from a dangerous Rugby rowdy into a soul-winner of International influence!

Scenes at the Funeral. Stirring Services conducted by The General "Christ for Me"

It was this note—a note of victory—which characterised the Funeral Service of the veteran Commissioner Cadman, conducted by The General in the spacious Midway Conference Hall. Sorrow there was—though not grief such as they know who sorrow without hope—but the dominating note was that of praise for a life of wonderful victory—the victory of one who had "come out of great tribulation and whose robes were made white in the Blood of the Lamb."

A Personal Reminiscence

The General, who was supported on the platform by Mrs. Booth and the International Commissioners, in the course of his address referred to his long and intimate knowledge of the Commissioner, and spoke of the great esteem and deep affection which he felt for the Commissioner. "In a sense," said the General, "Cadman and I grew up together in The Army. I knew him both as an Officer and personally. He was a genuine diamond! He loved God—he loved souls—he loved The Army—he loved the Founder. His love for the souls of the worst was an example. Not only was it a zealous love, but I marvelled at the persistence—the tenacity of it. I remember on one occasion circumstances made it necessary for me to return to a Hall late in the evening, long after the Meeting had ended. The Hall was in darkness, but there, in a little room at the back was Cadman, pleading with and praying for a notorious sinner, who had not been able to 'get through' at the Penitent-Form. Then, too, even when he had to face the greatest persecution, Cadman had the gift of finding something to rejoice over in every situation."

Others who spoke included Colonel Edwin, who spoke of the Commissioner's power in prayer and his great heart of love; and Commissioner Richards, who referred to the time when he was the Commissioner's Chief Secretary for the Social Work. Mrs. Commissioner Lamb and Commissioner Hoggard also took part.

Buried amidst the snow

The snow had spread its soft white mantle over the ground before the procession reached Abney Park Cemetery, the Westminster Abbey of The Salvation Army, and it was still amidst falling flakes, so symbolic of purity, that Commissioner Hurten, the British Commissioner, conducted the Committal Service in the presence of a great gathering of Salvationists and friends.

And while the snow flakes fell the throng dispersed with a glorious hope glowing within the hearts of each—a certainty that a redeemed spirit, a soul made whiter than the snow, had entered into the joy of his Lord and Saviour.



An historic Army engagement, the Sheffield Riot in 1862. Several Officers and Soldiers were seriously wounded, some maimed for life. The Founder and Commissioner Cadman narrowly escaped serious injury

WITH OUR FLAG IN OTHER LANDS

United States

Old Time Fighting Across the Line

Some very good work has been done by our Officers in the U.S.A. Central Territory, says Colonel Damon, the Chief Secretary. It is long since an attack has been made on our Open-Air ring in the United States, says the Colonel, but at Thief River Falls, Minnesota, the Comrades were deluged with water by irate persons from a third story window. The stream just missed a woman Comrade who was giving her testimony. So unusual was the incident that it drew a larger crowd, and, before the Meeting ended, a penitent was kneeling at the drum head.

There is a Soldier of this Corps named John Nelson, who operates a shoe repair shop in Holt, a small town about thirteen miles distant from the Corps. The Corps Officers send word that Brother Nelson is one of the most regular attendants at Meetings and has averaged three Meetings each week throughout the year. To facilitate travel, during the months in which the roads are bad, Brother Nelson bought a mule last winter and rides it during the rough weather.

The same Corps reports a Meeting held some distance in the country, with an audience of forty-six farmers and their families. By the light of the moon and a few dim lanterns, the Salva ionists told out their story and several of the farmers gave evidence of a desire for more extensive service in the interest of the Kingdom.

From Connersville, Indiana, came news of a revival of an old-fashioned practice when a leading official caused The Army to be arrested for holding Open-Air Meetings. The people however, very soon made the gentleman see the error of his ways and the right of The Army to hold Open-Airs was restored.



Lt.-Commissioner John McMillan
(Territorial Commander U.S.A.—Central.)

Dutch East Indies

The Passing of a Saint

We report the glorious promotion of one of our best and most capable Javanese Officers Ensign Jahman, says Lieut. Colonel Rawie, writing from Java. The Ensign was stationed at the eye hospital, Lieut. Commissioner Palstra, the Territorial Commander, and the General Secretary, were both at the eye hospital on the day of the Ensign's passing and were able to spend a few moments at the bed-side of the dying warrior. While the Commissioner was conducting the Prayer-Meeting, and during the singing of "Jesus, lover of my soul, let me in Thy bosom fly," Mrs. Adjutant Glover entered softly, and whispered that the Ensign had just passed peacefully to his everlasting rest.

Here is a page brim full of up-to-date stories of world-wide Pentecostal Blessing and Salvation Healing; of the extension of the Kingdom of God



Commr. Henry W. Mapp
(International Secretary for the British Dominions and the U.S.A.)

Brazil

Trombone and a Drum Prevent Suicide

Five of the nine Corps of the Territory have lately acquired a bass drum, the prelude to the formation of a full musical complement. At least two of the five Corps mentioned have already started music tuition, and our Comrades hope to appear in public before very long.

This aspect of our work is well to the fore among the Field Officers, who through the music and singing, have of late had quite a number of striking cases of conversion to encourage them. The other Sunday morning, while leading an Open-Air Meeting at Rio I Corps, a man came round our ring and listened very attentively. From there he came to the Hall and to the other Meetings during the day, finishing up finally at the Penitent-Form, where he professed conversion. The man's story is that he left his home that morning fully resolved to commit suicide, and wrote a note to his wife to that effect before he left the house. While on the tramcar, with these thoughts still in his mind, he heard The Army drum, and at once jumped off the car to see what it was—with the result mentioned. The Commanding Officer of Rio II told the other day a similar instance at his Corps. It was the case of a young man who had come down from Pernambuco; found himself stranded, and in his despair decided that the only thing left was to destroy himself. Such was his condition when he was attracted by an Army Open-Air Meeting, where the sound of the drum and a solitary trombone roused his attention. He listened to the message, and afterwards followed the march to the Hall and got converted. Since then the Captain has interested himself in finding work for the man, who continues to attend the Meetings.

China

Warfare and Banditry

Writing from Tung An Lo, Captain Tsai Ching Tien reports: "On the 4th inst., while at an Open-Air Meeting in Ching Feng Tien, we saw a number of soldiers scattered about. The following day soldiers passed our village and met their opponents at Pan Cheng, a few miles from our place. We could hear the fighting very distinctly. It lasted a whole day and a night. On the 10th the Shan Hei troops retreated to our village and neighboring villages, and at dawn firing started again. It was very exciting at about 2 or 3 o'clock that afternoon: troops occupied our village, and about eight o'clock in the morning the village was looted. There was some firing. Our Hall was hit, and one of our lamps was broken. Soldiers entered our house. They found no hidden soldiers, but they took away our little store of urgently-needed money and some of our clothes. Though the soldiers are no longer taking supplies, the people are in an unsettled condition,

on earth; of the passing of the Saints to their reward; and of the up-lift of the "Blood and Fire." Read and get your soul stirred.

for the local bandits have risen. We still hear the firing of an occasional gun, but we are trying to do our work as usual, holding our Meetings in the day time."

France

Pilgrims of the Poor

Setting out in the darkness from the Hall of the Bastille Corps, Paris, says Brigadier Muller of Paris, together with Mayor Bosch and certain other Comrades, we pushed and pulled a rambling little vehicle from midnight until nearly day-break, bringing comfort to many of the homeless and starving of that great and beautiful city, which, in its shame as well as its honor, resembles a hundred other great cities throughout the world.

It was a poor mud-bespattered undistinguished looking hand-cart with a glowing Japanese lantern hanging as a ruddy guide in the darkness, and our Comrades and the little vehicle like many another diminutive Army cavalcade, were for the general well-being of far greater importance than their shadowy appearance seemed to suggest. The creaking conveyance carried a heavy caldron of boiling soup, some hundreds of metal cups fitted neatly into each other, and a good supply of broken bread for the mighty sacrament.

As we trundled along from the Bastille to the great "Halls" (or markets), via the quiet old Place des Vosges, where Victor Hugo lived, we passed on our way to grapple with the three-hundred-year-old problem of Les Miserables, about whom the famous mar. of letters wrote. Before we finished our trundling with tumbler and candle and lantern amid unbelievable scenes, we had broken bread with upwards of two hundred homeless men and women, and many of them came tottering forth from amongst filth and garbage and many a strange hiding place. We ourselves found a poor decrepit old woman cripple, sleeping amid the dust heap. Her wooden leg was broken, and while she slumbered on uneasily, had become detached, and the poor, bare, gruesome stump was moving on the cold, dirty pavement, as though seeking for rest, and failing in the effort.

Andaman Islands

A New Field for The Army

There is now a settlement for Bhantus in the Andaman Islands, situated in the Bay of Bengal. The colonists are members of a criminal tribe belonging to the United Provinces of Northern India. The government requested the services of Adjutant Sherratt to take charge of the first Andaman Settlement, for the Bhantus speak the language of the people, and is well-known to the settlers.

The enterprise is somewhat in the nature of an experiment. A hopeful beginning has been made and the government have agreed to the transfer from Northern India of further Bhantus families who have volunteered to go to the settlement.

India

An Army Hero

In connection with the recent devastating storm which swept over Nellore in the Telegu country, and of which Colonel Muthiah, Territorial Commander of the Madras and Telegu Territory sends a graphic record, there is a story of splendid devotion told of a young Salvationist, a Soldier of Manaparipatadu Corps. He occupied the humble position of servant to a canal engineer. When the storm commenced he was off duty, and going into the village he saw some old people struggling against the tempest that was raging, and, though the wind was terrific, immediately—in true Salvation Army spirit—he rushed to their aid and assisted them at last to a place of refuge. Returning to continue his good work, he was caught by the full force of the storm, lifted bodily from the ground, tossed wildly along, hurled heavily against a stone wall, and when picked up by the brave young Salvationist was found to be lifeless.

Hungary

Marching on in Central Europe

The condition of the Hungarian Field has undoubtedly much improved. The Young People especially are making headway. The Army has 35 Corps Cadets in Budapest, as fine a body of Corps Cadets as you will find anywhere. There is need for The Army in this beautiful city where the suicides are said to average twenty-one daily.

The new Home for men will be ready for opening early in the New Year. The old Home for men is still in demand, and when the new one is ready there will still be sufficient use for the old one for the cheaper beds that are always in demand. Our Comrades will have no difficulty in filling both places.



Lt.-Commissioner Bruno Friedrich
(Territorial Commander Czechoslovakia & Hungary.)

A Hall has been secured atapest where a successful opening is expected. A new Corps is being opened at Budapest; this will be the fourth Corps centre in the city.

St. Helena

An Island Outpost

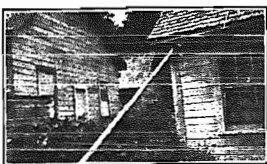
Writing from Jamestown, St. Helena, in a letter in which he expresses hearty thanks to the General for the dispatch of a set of lantern slides on the life of the Founder, Captain Chas. Haskins of St. Helena, 1,200 miles out from West Africa in the far away South Atlantic says: "The Lord has graciously set His seal upon our appointment and given us six souls at the Mercy-Seat. The attendances at the Meetings are excellent. It is quite a usual thing for us to have a vic-tion."

With the Native Army Braves in Alaska

ALL the good and great things of recent days in Army Service were not recorded by Captain Olin Edwards in his interesting article of last week. We have been favored with a lengthy report, full of good things, from Captain Parkinson, of Ketchikan, in which he tells us something of the splendid Native Congress conducted by Lt.-Colonel McLean at Ketchikan and Metlakatla, Alaska, which is always such an event with our Army Comrades of the Native People.

The events at Ketchikan were full of fervor, although at first some disappointment was experienced owing to the absence of the Commissioner. But Colonel McLean's well known fervor, united with the happy enthusiasm of the local Comrades, soon brought matters to the boiling point. Reinforcements from Metlakatla helped further, and glory and power were the results of the days spent together. One especially pleasing feature is that the Holiness and Soldiers gatherings were well attended; all indicating that our Far-North Comrades are sincere in their desire to lead holy lives.

On the Monday following the Special weekend at Ketchikan, the Congress Party boarded Captain Parkinson's launch, "The Truth," and flying up the channel between the snow-capped mountains, round Japan Point, were soon in sight of the historic native town of Metlakatla; the scene of the labors of that Saint of God—Father Duncan, pioneer missionary to these parts. Metlakatla is no mean little town; it was blazing with electric light, and all alive with Army song and glow, and a great Congress time was ahead. Of course a welcome march, and a welcome supper, and welcome speeches and a



Hall and Quarters at Killisnoo, Alaska.

crowded Hall. Consecrations followed, and a Prayer-Meeting that lasted until half past twelve in the morning.

Thence back again to Ketchikan, still aboard the good ship, "The Truth." Off to the Hall to start a fire, and see that things are in readiness for the night Meeting, but to our surprise, a Welcome Supper, and seventy Comrades all ready to greet us on our return. Then the Band to the front, and a rousing Open-Air Meeting, followed by a crowded indoor demonstration, which we finished with one of our own regular "Wind-ups" and a Hallelujah March.

On Wednesday we were en route for Saxman, a native village where, in spite of a severe snow storm, enthusiasm was running high. Here we were joined by Flt.-Captain Chester Worthington. We had the Mayor with us, and he gallily remarked that sometimes the good things passed us to go elsewhere, but now we were rejoicing in them for ourselves. And rejoice we did. Another sumptuous banquet, of course, and a genuine comradeship spirit over everything. The thanks of all to the Colonel for his reviving visit were voiced by Mrs. Ryan, a Comrade of over 80 years. A touching incident of the day was when the Colonel visited our sick Color Sergeant, and prayed with him, and witnessed our dear old friend pass on his commission to his Army son, indignantly charging him to be true to his trust.

In the subsequent Meeting we had a red-hot time; twenty out for Salvation, and ten for consecration, and once more a Hallelujah March, in which no less than nine nationalities took place.

On Thursday morning we bade our visitor farewell, and turned back to our own duties, more determined than ever to "dig in" for Christ and The Army. Evidently these Congress days were full of thrilling incident, apart from the



Winnipeg, January 5th, 1928

Ever ready to respond to the hint and joy of the moment, the Winnipeg Bandsmen found a happy outlet for their fun and generosity the other evening at Grace Hospital. A lusty infan' made its debut during their Caroling—and to mark the occasion each man contributed a dime towards a Birthday present. We are not told whether the said infant is due for the historic name of Rupert.

Mrs. Adjutant T. Mundy made her tenth annual appearance at the New Year Visitation at Stony Mountain. She had a great reception from both staff and men—the Adjutant himself was scarcely in it at all.

When a plumber makes a mistake, he charges twice for it. When a lawyer makes a mistake, it is just what he wanted, because he has a chance to try the case all over again. When a carpenter makes a mistake, it is just what he expected. When a doctor makes a mistake, he buries it. When a judge makes a mistake, it becomes the law of the land. When a preacher makes a mistake, nobody knows the difference. But when the editor makes a mistake—one does not "chase a thousand," but a thousand chases one.

Captain Laurence Carswell has returned from a home trip to Melfort, and rejoices in a wonderful Christmas 'ide, during which the power of the Spirit was made marvellously manifest; we hope to tell the full story next week. Are there any others who can pick up and pass on spiritual tit-bits?

Says Major Carruthers: "All the 'Crys' for Alaska for issue of December 10th were lost on the S.S. Northwestern, which foundered near Cape Mudge, B.C., on her voyage north." Naturally, she speaks about a credit note. So would you.

Good news continues to come from the Twin Cities at the Lakehead. We verily believe a revival is coming that way. Captain King reports \$454.28 for his Christmas Caroling; but that's not all—souls are being saved at both Corps.

The Commissioner was at Port Arthur on Saturday last, performing a comradely but sad duty. We hear that he also conducted a very helpful Officers' Gather-

ing for the Officers of the two cities; all in attendance were enthused for the "Souls and Soldiers' Crusade."

We ask that all comrades will earnestly pray for Ensign Harrington. He is in a serious condition—although having excellent surgical attention in our own Hospital in Winnipeg.

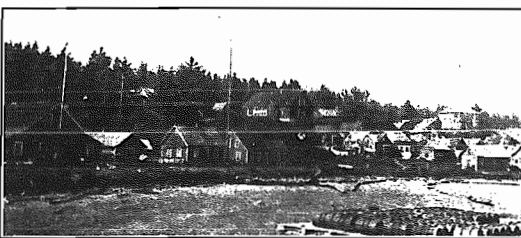
We sympathise sincerely with our very good friend and comrade, Mr. H. F. M. Ross, in the passing of his beloved wife, for many years a great sufferer; she was one of those of whom it can well be said: "Inured to toil and patient pain Till all Thy perfect mind they gain."

We are indebted to our comrade, Adjutant Wm. Quick, Alaska, for the excellent and interesting photographs which appear on this page. We are always glad to have pictures illustrative of our Army life and work.

Judge Hanson, of the Regina District Court, was recently a room-mate with our Sergt.-Major Middleton in hospital in that city. A warm friendship sprang up. The Judge left a week or so before Christmas, but on Christmas Eve he came in with a beautiful seven-tube radio set and loud speaker, and fixed the same so that his friend—and ours—might hear the chimes and music of the season. A kindly act that.

We extend hearty greetings to Brother and Sister Bone in connection with the celebration of their Golden Wedding. Our comrades first joined up with The Army at Barrie, Ont., during our Chief Secretary's Field days there; they are now soldiering at Saskatoon I. God bless them.

An illiterate but clever Methodist lay preacher (the story goes) once gave out the text, "I can do all things." He then paused and looking at the Bible keenly said in his own Somersetshire dialect: "What's that thee says, Paul—I can do aal things." 'I'll bet thee half-a-crown o' that." So he took half-a-crown out of his pocket and put it on the book. "However," he added, "let's see what the Apostle has to say for himself." So he read on the next words, "Through Christ that strengtheneth me." "Oh," says he, "if that's the terms of the bet, I'm off."



Killisnoo, Alaska, a centre of commercial industry and Army activity.

spendings of the Meetings. Major Carruthers says that many Comrades were prevented from attending the Juneau Meetings by reason of high winds and snow storms.

"We only had the Juneau natives and a few from Douglas, Petersburg and Wrangell," says the Major. "The weather was very bad, with high winds and snow storms. This kept our Hoonah, Killisnoo, Angoon, Kake and Klawack Comrades from attending. Klawack Comrades got as far as Kake so had a little Congress there. Hyadubang Comrades had a bit of bad luck and their boat went

on the beach in a storm. All were saved and the boat not badly damaged. Our three or four Comrades from Wrangell and Petersburg would not have been there had they not come on the big steamer."

He concludes his report by saying that he is out visiting Killisnoo, Angoon and Hoonah writing on the mail boat, which is trying to find its way into Hoonah in the teeth of a blinding snow storm. He hopes to get back to his home at Wrangell a day or two before Christmas. God bless our Comrades in these Outposts of Salvation.

Grace and Glory at the Garrison

MANY startling and disturbing things have happened at the Garrison since you last heard from us, Mr. Editor. It seems to be somewhere in the dim recesses of my memory that it was from old Fountain Street that I last addressed you. Now we are safely and happily housed "Out West" and needlessly to say, "We're the Victors." Others had "the promise," but "the better thing" was reserved for us.

At the time of penning these notes some of us are away from the Garrison—those of us who are fortunate enough to have our family trees planted in this neighborhood, whilst the others sing "Sweet Home" in an undertone during what time they sing aloud "Hark, the Herald Angels," etc.

However, when January 2nd arrives and we are all safely landed once more, there shall go in for bigger and better things. "We shall be over there"—we trust—all the moving jobs, additional scrubbing and cleaning, and waiting and tending, all incidental to the opening of Garrisons (Speaking with some experience, eh?—F.d.) and getting along with the mighty task to which we have so gladly given ourselves.

We are glad that Daniel Donahoe thinks we have done well with the Christmas "War Cry"; you might tell him that it was not a Cadet who was trespassing on his Block. The three thousand five hundred copies which we sold (as you tell us, went over even quicker than the three thousand sold by the "Overcomers" but, "We're the Victors—we are." Then, Brigadier Carter, call the next lot "The Boosters."—Ed.)

Hard on the heels of the "Crys" came the "Pots;" another of those initiation experiences. As one of the Cadets remarked, "It certainly keeps you humble—more than one of us heartily endorsed that sentiment. Still, if one keeps in the right spirit, what does it matter? When the end of the "Potting" came, I don't suppose there was one of us who would like to have been denied the experience—and the privilege.

Then another experience which falls into the lot of few Cadets was a special Session with the Chief of the Staff and Mrs. Higgins. It is needless to say what an inspiration this was to all of us, and how we shall prize it, especially as it was a privilege denied to some whom we know would have given much to be with us. (You are quite right.—Ed.)

It has just occurred to me, Mr. Editor, that I ought to say that this business of a Christmas Reunion is not all that it appears to be. What would you say if you were sent off on a holiday, and then told at the same time that you had to "cram" for a special examination to take place as soon as you get back? Did they do that sort of thing when you were a Cadet? (No, they just didn't; they kept us in all over the Christmas season in those days.—Ed.)

Well, here's all our good wishes for the "War Cry," we like it, and think others ought to like it, and so as soon as the chance comes we'll be out selling it again. A happy New Year to all our Comrades, Editors, and Friends, all.—In Omnia Paratus.

Letter's Timely Arrival

An Incident of the Siege in Britain. The Officers at Cowandean, Englan, delivering the General's letter, left one at a house where a child had died. The father picked it up and said to his wife, "We will go to The Army and ask them to bury our child." The Captain conducted the funeral, and the mother and father found Salvation.

THE WAR CRY

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in
Canada West and Alaska
Founder: William Booth
General: Bramwell Booth
International Headquarters
London, England

Territorial Commanders:
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317-319 Carlton St.,
Winnipeg, Manitoba.

All Editorial communications should be addressed to The Editor, Lt.-Colonel Joy.

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General Order

All Officers will please note that the entire month of February is set apart for the Great Territorial Souls and Soldiers Crusade.

(Signed) CHAS. T. RICH.

"Retrospect and Prospect"

IT IS not without praise to God for the evidence of His good hand upon us, that we look back over The Army year of 1927. We have the forward view for 1928, but the "Ebenezer" in our hearts enkindles our faith and strengthens our vision and gives time to our continued song—"God with us."

And it is not of material evidences we most speak; for the Good Word says that it is the "things not seen which are eternal." We praise God for sunrise out of darkness into light; for souls re-consecrated to His service; for renewed zeal; for higher spiritual efficiency; and for a more evident reliance upon the power and influence of The Holy Spirit.

Our heart says "Hallelujah," because we feel such a surging of the ocean of salvation, the rising of the tide; the coming in of the waves of enthusiasm which shall sweep away apathy and coldness, and stir up the hearts of our Soldiery to a determined blood-and-fire combat with the forces of sin. And those forces are gathering their strength for the conflict.

Let us be more out and out in our denunciation of sin: not so proper that we cannot rebuke it; not so nice that we must not fight. Sin and hell are damnable—don't be afraid to say so—only think and feel it as you say it.

And things material. Yes, we have builded Houses to the Lord during the days of 1927.

The Hospital of Grace which crowns the summit of heights of achievement is the culmination of the efforts and prayers of years. Already it is a throbbing, thronging centre of beneficence.

The Mother Hospital in Winnipeg has stretched her wings in a gracious manner, and now stands in a spaciousness which is the pride of Officer and Soldier alike, and a monument to the miracles of healing that are now almost daily enacted there; to say nothing of the new life which from within her walls enriches the city and provinces—not to say the Dominion itself.

Hard by stands the splendid new Training Garrison, an impressive pile of buildings; a constant memorial to him who, as long as his name is known among men, shall be an inspiration to our Army and all good men and women. The "William Booth Memorial" for Canada West of these days that now are, and the years that are ahead, truly a place of inspiration; a seat of salvation learning; and we sure believe—a veritable Shrine of Consecration. For these things we praise Thee, oh Lord.

The tale is not quite told. New Citadels now stand to the glory of God, and for the extension of His Kingdom in The Army, at Juneau, Alaska; Vancouver W.I.; Kamloops and Prince George in B.C.; Kamsack, Sask., and Robin, Man. And a new centre of Corps activity is pushing its way ahead at Canyon City, B.C. Thus is the chain of Salvation posts being lengthened, and slowly but surely is coming to pass that time when Salvation "shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea."

The General at the Unveiling of the Memorial to the Founder on "Mile End Waste"

By CAPTAIN GEORGE SOWTON



MILE END WASTE has changed, but the spirit manifested on that spot of ground, 62 years ago, is as passionate and zealous as it was then, and in less than sixty years, it has all but girdled the world.

Contrasts were never more strikingly apparent than on the occasion of the unveiling, in the presence of The General, Mrs. Booth, and a vast crowd, of a Memorial Bust of the Founder, erected on the spot where William Booth took his lonely stand and found his destiny. In that day, the Waste, surrounded by public houses and low music halls, was the sink into which drained the dregs of humanity from the warren-like tenements and dilapidated houses of the maze of streets in the neighborhood. Today, the Mile End district is in part given over to an alien population, different in tongue and features from their predecessors of 60 years ago, but revealing the same needs.

The Lone Figure of William Booth
Again, the contrast between the lone figure of William Booth, subjected to ribald scorn and obloquy, and the crowds of Salvationists and friends gathered on this occasion forces home the unique progress of The Salvation Army, and is an indispensible token of God's signal blessing on the work of the Organisation.

In the early afternoon, processions of Salvationists began to march to Mile End Waste from various points in the city. These included hundreds of Officers from the International and Associated Headquarters, headed by the International Staff Band; representative Officers from the Women's Social Work, under Commissioner Catherine Booth;

some 500 Cadets from the International Training Garrison, led by their Principal, Commissioner Jeffries, and also contingents of Field Officers and representatives of the Men's Social Work.

After the immense concourse of Salvationists and interested onlookers had joined in the singing of the Founder's grand song, "O boundless Salvation," the General stepped forward and instantly gripped the attention of the crowd by his words. In the course of his address the General said, "Man was made for God. There are signs of His Divine origin in every man, even though he may have degraded mind and body by sin. It was the recognition of this fact that gave the Founder his wonderful spirit and impetus. He saw in man what was often invisible to the man himself. Even when everything else was ruined and lost, his soul could still be saved. William Booth saw in him that he came from the hand of God." It was natural that the sense of the Meeting should stir the General to reminiscence. He spoke of walking along that road with his father when they discovered a poor lost woman lying in the gutter in a drunken stupor. The Founder raised her to her feet and helped her to stand, but she was in such a repulsive condition that his son exclaimed, "Oh, we can't do anything for her."

The Founder's Rebuke

The Founder's rebuke was quick and sharp. "Bramwell—think what a beautiful being she might have been!" It was a picture of the world as the Founder viewed it—remindful of its sin—in degradation—in its misery—conscious of what it might have been, and what it might yet be. It was this last vision

which fixed the Founder to his second message, that men should not only come and get saved, but that they should come and help God to make the world better—and they come. Out of the despoiled flock of those days have grown the battalions of today.

In his speech prior to unveiling the Memorial, Mr. John Scurr, Member of Parliament representing Mile End, reminded the Salvationists assembled that William Booth belonged not only to The Salvation Army—he had no other religion—but as a man who had dreams and seen visions, and had been faithful to those visions, building better than he knew, William Booth belonged to the whole world. Mentioning that he himself was a Roman Catholic, Mr. Scurr said that he felt it a singular honor that the privilege of unveiling this Memorial had come to him, for he had always admired the Christian charity of William Booth, whose message was to the world—that the world might be saved, and so, in the names of all, Catholic and Protestant, Jew and Gentile, countrymen or alien, the Memorial was unveiled.

Commissioner Catherine's First Public Appearance

It was singularly fitting that Commissioner Catherine Booth's first public appearance in support of her father's cause attaining to her present rank, should be on such an occasion, and it was fitting also that she should remind women Salvationists of the heritage which they have received at the hands of the Founder, for he opened to them doors of opportunity and service such as were unknown in that day. "Without the part which woman has played, we should never have had The Salvation Army," said the Commissioner, "and woman's way was opened for her by William Booth."

Others who took part in the proceedings included the British Commissioner, (Commissioner Curran), Commissioner the Map and Commissioner Jeffries, while Mr. Scurr was supported by members of the Stepney Borough Council, which has so kindly given the ground for the Memorial, and the stone plinth upon which the bronze bust, the work of Mr. G. Wade, the famous sculptor, stands.

Java's Successful Congress

Reinforcements Arrive from Canada on Congress Day

A grand march through the streets of Bandoeng, headed by the Congress Band, was the first public event in the Congress and conducted in the city by Lt.-Commissioner Palstra, the Territorial Commander. Flags and banners waved in the breeze, and the bright-colored garb of the Celebes Officers attracted much attention. This was the first march of its kind in Bandoeng.

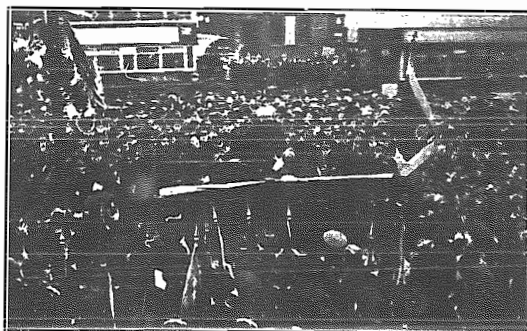
A delightful incident took place during the opening Meeting when the doors at the back of the Hall were opened and, headed by the three oldest Officers in Java, the new contingent of Officers from Holland and Canada (the Officers had only arrived in Java that morning) were marched on to the platform, with flags unfurled, and amidst signs of great enthusiasm, received from the Commissioner their new appointments.

Colonel Coombs

Remembrance Services in Vancouver

IMPRESSIVE and touching Memorial Services were held in Vancouver on New Year's Day for Colonel Coombs, and Vancouver Salvationists gathered together to pay tribute to the noted warrior who had laid down his life in their midst. Major Jaynes and Lt.-Colonel McLean were in charge. Vancouver Citadel, where after many comrades' reminiscences of the Colonel's warfare, four seekers were registered.

At Mount Pleasant, where the Colonel and Mrs. Coombs were Soldiers and much loved and respected, Lt. Colonel Phillips and Brigadier Layman were in charge, and led an inspiring and heart-stirring gathering. Lt. Colonel McPayne led the Prayer-Meeting in which live seekers were welcomed into the fold.



The General addressing the great crowd at "Mile End Waste."

Christmas and New Year

with The Army

How the Commissioner and Territorial Staff Kept the Holiday

We wonder if the ordinary man (or woman) in the street ever gives any thought as to what Christmastide and New Year's Day mean to the wholehearted interested Christian and Social Worker after he has deposited his dollar (or dime) in the "Pot", or made his usual Christmas subscription, or given his "bit" to the Carolers—is that the end of his thought? In many cases it is. With another there is a sense of satisfaction that his "mickle" will go to make the "muckle" which is so much needed at these times. If some people could see the streams of dolefully disappointed men and women and children who turn sadly away from The Army's doors because the supply has not equalled the need, we are inclined to think that a few miserly souls would be touched, and some generous hands would give again.

The Army folk are not slow to give of their own coin; the personal contributions of our own soldiery would total up well, and by comparison, quite well, for, generally speaking, we are not of the financial elite; but what we lack in minted coin, we do try to make up in minted and unminted kindness and full service; and so, all over Canada, East and West, this has been our joyous privilege during the past few days. From the lad Cadets on the "Pots"—in the biting wind and freezing cold—to the Commissioner himself, it has been a prolonged feast of free service.

Dominion-wide Activities

It is not ours to boast, but if that "man in the street" could be a man in the air and could take an instantaneous view of these Dominion-wide activities, his many human heart would be glad. He would see, and call his wife to share in the view, the crowds upon crowds of eager, hungry, yet happy children thronging The Army Halls for their night. He would hear their shrieks of delight over their feast and over their gifts—and I think he would see something of the quiet joy of the mothers in their children's gladness.

I believe too, his brotherly spirit would respond to the sigh of satisfaction that goes up, literally, from thousands of striving, but well-nigh dispirited men, because somebody has seen that one good square meal shall be their portion during these holiday, but wintry days.

That self same "man in the air" would surely get imbued with old Santa Claus' spirit if he could visit the thousands of homes out West and down East where The Army Christmas Hamper brings its "good tidings" and a smile of gladness to those who for months past and months ahead are wondering about the "next meal."

It is in no spirit of boasting or of advertisement we speak of these things, except that we would rejoice in being God's almoners and cheer-bringers, and would you not that we should do so?

We would have our overhead friend take a peep into The Army Institutions where some soiled jewels are regaining their former lustre, and get him to take

note that the Christmas joy and the New Year resolve are facts as well as thought purpose.

We listen with our comrade to the sound of the old-time Christmas carols as they rise and fall on the frosty night air, and we take heart of hope and say again that He of Whom they pray and sing is the Saviour from all sin; we see the "War Cry" heralds tramping the snowy streets and roads with their pictorial messengers of salvation joy, and we say—oh, say it a thousand times—God bless them.

In the jails and penitentiaries the same message, the same spirit of hope and "try again," the same service of readiness; the same ringing, cheering note. Say, you "man in the street, or you

"man in the air," have you seen—enough? If not, stay with us for many a day to come, and you will see these things again and again, and you will never, as long as you look, regret that bit you dropped into the "Pot", or gave at the door, except to feel sorry you didn't make it a great deal more than you did.

The Commissioner's Holiday

THE Commissioner's Christmas and New Year Tide can very well be set down as full to the brim with cheerful toil and happy cheer—and cheering. We know full well that if time and opportunity served that he would gladly extend his visitations beyond the borders of the

(Continued on column 4)



Lt.-Colonel G. Dickerson
Territorial Men's Social Secretary.

Territorial Centre and so would Mrs. Rich, but that is scarcely possible.

However, the glad fact remains "that around Winnipeg no centre of Army life has been overlooked. Our friends at Kildonan can tell of their bright coming; the Cadets of the Training School had an hour or so of the Commissioner's parental cheering; the young women of The Army Immigration Hostel saw The Army leader in a new light, and maybe took all the more readily to his New Year counsel; the young ladies at the Catherine Hostel welcomed him as their Christmas guest; a goodly set of activities, eh?

But what about the tumultuous scenes in some of The Army Halls where crowds of eager children screamed their welcome to him—he is just in his element then; we wish our readers could have seen some of the sights, and heard some of the sounds at Winnipeg Citadel for instance, where at least a thousand kiddies joined in the attack, led on by the well-tried Adjutant Acton. According to accommodation and circumstances, the same sort of thing occurred in every Hall where our Leader made his appearance.

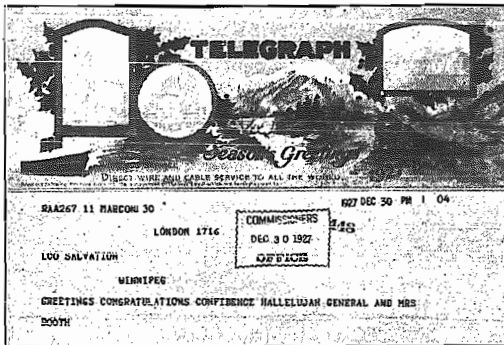
The annual "Poor Men's Dinner" is an event in itself. The capacious Eaton's dining-room filled to its limits; the cheerful music competing with the clatter and chatter over the dining tables; the apt and continuous service of the smiling Salvation Sisters and Cadets; these are all of an annual appearance. True, we recognize some regular customers, but what is The Army for if it is not regular in its dispensations. The genial recognition on the part of some of our friends is a part repayment for the toils of the year. However, as Mayor Webb said, we cannot help but feel sorry that so many are present for we don't like to know that men are out of work."

Reminiscent of Dartmoor

Then we would like to be able to present as we saw it in fact, and in our mind's eye, the picture of New Year's Day at Stony Mountain. Dreary spot, too reminiscent of Dartmoor for our liking; cold to the very marrow—outside; a sense of dreariness—inside in spite of humane and efficient officials; year after year—for some—a mentally harrowing grind; some thoughts of home and other days; surely for some. The alert youth of the majority, one of the saddest features of the whole affair. And yet

(Continued on page 8, foot of col. 4)

The General's Greetings for 1928



New Years Day at Winnipeg Citadel

The Commissioner's Exhortation at Night

"Forgive—Forget—and Start Again."

As we entered the Citadel for the night Meeting, the Commissioner was "lining out": "Tell me the old, old story," and one might almost be pardoned if the thought arose that it was a hackneyed song, but we sang it to the good old tune of "Ewing," and then, with an exultancy which we could not repress, we swung into "Christ receiveth sinful men," and the hackneyed feeling left us and we gloried within ourselves that still it is an old story that this Man received sinners: as we came to the keynote of the evening.

It was with us during Mrs. Rich's well worn but well chosen Scripture reading—"As far as the East is from the West, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us; and the audience could not refrain from audibly following the reader. It was struck, in marvellous sweetness, when the Male Voice Choir sang, "Come, oh, come to Me," it was reiterated—the same welcome note—in the piece the Songsters rendered, and we felt the responsive beat of it as the Band played in sonorous strains:

When on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky—
Nearer my God to Thee.

Adjutant Mundy drew a splendid picture for us in his song and we saw the Sea of Forgetfulness into which runs the River of God's mercy, and gradually, but sweetly, came the chorus:

To bring it against me no more,
Thy covered for e'er I'm sure,
For He cast all the past
In the depths of the sea
To bring it against me no more.

So by these graduated and carefully

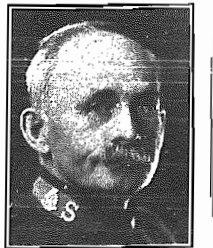
prepared stages, we came to the Commissioner's fine, moving address; "God not only forgives, but He also forgets," which was his theme. Splendidly applicable to the Day when so many would fain forget the past, and look into the cleanness of the future. We were glad to hear the stressing of the point that God's forgiveness and forgetfulness is sure and sound; and even though His immutable laws make it imperative that the marks remain, yet our sins are behind His back, no matter who else may see them or remember them.

Five dear souls responded to the urge of the hour, and it was with joy in our heart we sang our last song, and pledged ourselves afresh in our final doxology.

The Musical Festival in the afternoon, over which the Commissioner ably presided, was one of those treats which are so freely dispensed at Winnipeg Citadel, and which we often feel are not sufficiently appreciated by Winnipeg soldiery and citizens.

On this occasion two items stood out. One, that magnificent musical conception, Staff-Captain J. Merritt's Festival March, "The Canadian"—a treat beyond present words for all who heard it. The other, the Commissioner's stirring address—"Music for the Multitude," a theme in which he always excels, for our T.O. is a regular Bandsman's man.

The morning session of the Day was conducted by those Comrades-in-arms, Staff-Captain Steele and Adjutant T. Mundy. The latter's New Year message—"I will put a new spirit within you," being the main feature of a greatly helpful gathering.—Cantuar.



Brigadier C. Allen
Assistant Men's Social Secretary



Major W. Oake
Secretary for Subscribers Dept.

Promotion of Canadian Missionary Officer

Brigadier Robert Grose Passes to His Reward

BRIGADIER Grose entered Army service from Uxbridge, Ont., in 1896; he went to India in 1902, and was promoted to glory from London, England, quite recently.

The funeral service, conducted by Commissioner Blowers, was attended by many veteran and other Indian Comrades.

Commissioner Booth-Tucker, who was present, related how, in farewelling for India the first time, and explaining the methods he intended to pursue to bridge the gulf between Europeans and Indians, someone had asked doubtfully if he expected to get anyone to follow him.

In a voice of deep emotion the Commissioner went on: "When I look at you, my Comrade, and remember all who have gone before us, and those still on the field, and while I look down on this casket containing the body of our Comrade, dear Dev Ratna, I can only exclaim, 'How wonderful are the works of God!'"

"Dev Ratna and his dear wife are Comrades who went all the way," continued the Commissioner, "they bridged the gulf, and to-day indeed it will not seem that a European Officer, or a Canadian Officer has died, but that a Salvation Army leader has been taken from us."

Among those in the gathering who remembered what the early bridging of that gulf had meant to the Brigadier in the way of self-abnegation and crucifixion of the flesh, there was a deep appreciation of the Commissioner's words. Brigadier Grose had indeed gone all the way. Whether it was wearing Indian dress; begging for his food, walking bare-footed, preaching in the villages, begging money, teaching little children, travelling third class as an Indian, auditing accounts, all had been one to him if thereby the people could be led to see Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the World.

When we lift up our eyes and see the result of those first wonderful considerations—the thousands of Indians who are now triumphantly carrying on the work begun by such Officers as the Brigadier, we can but repeat: "How wonderful are the works of God!"

Brigadier Grose has gone. Mrs. Grose is still with us, encircled with the wide and deep sympathy of Comrades in India, Canada, England, Australia, and other lands. Together let us rise in spirit, as his comrades did beside the passing casket of Brigadier Grose, and sing as we did:

"All my days, and all my hours,
All my will and all my powers,
All the passions of my soul,
Not a fragment but the whole,
Shall be Thine dear Lord."

—M.H.

The Field Secretary at Brandon

The Field Secretary spent New Year's Sunday with the comrades of the Brandon Corps, and also conducted an inspiring Watch-night Service. In his usual genial and forceful fashion he brought the claims of Christ forcibly before those who attended the various Meetings, and as a result of his visit Salvationists and friends have been cheered and encouraged.

A special feature of the Watch-night Service was the Midnight March which followed the Meeting. Headed by the drum, the beats of which resounded through the quiet streets of the City, The Army folks sang praises to God at the commencement of the New Year.

The Brigadier was ably supported by the Corps Officers, Adjutant White and Captain Williamson, and by the Band, Songsters and Local Officers.

Y.P. RALLY SCENES IN WINNIPEG

Children by the score, children by the hundred, jostling and scrambling, singing and laughing, somehow or other, sorting themselves out at last into orderly companies—that was the first impression we received at the Winnipeg New Year Rally Meeting held in the Zion Church—and that spacious building was not any too large for the hordes of youngsters gathered together from all over the city.

Excitement was at fever-pitch, naturally, but, miraculously, it seemed, quietly reigned as Staff-Captain Steele gave out the opening song, to be followed by a roar of sound as the hundreds of Young People launched forth into "Dare to be a Daniel,"—joy of every Army Junior's heart, and many a thousand more. An interesting programme was the order of the day after this, and in the programme the various Corps choruses figured largely and loudly. After each Corps had contributed an item, the Winnipeg Citadel Band (whose presence added largely to the interest of the gathering) not to be outdone, gained hearty applause by the singing of, "Some from the East, some from the West," and still greater applause when the Commissioner asked those Bandsmen who had once been Juniors to stand and sing the chorus, with its ringing finale—"Soldiers of the Lord are we." There were not many Bandsmen sitting!

As the time for the announcement of the Shield and Banner winners drew nearer the excitement was well-nigh uncontrollable, and when the Commissioner arose, with the Shield in his hands, and said, by right of its all-round increases, and splendid Y.P. Work, Grandview Corps (Vancover III), was the

fortunate contestant, loud and long rang the cheers.

The Winnipeg Citadel Young People could scarcely sit still when it was announced that their Corps had qualified for the Manitoba Divisional Banner; to those of us watching their excitement it seemed that Adjutant and Mrs. Acton, the indefatigable Corps Officers, and Y.P.S.M. Black, were quite as excited, if not more so, than the Young People!

The Commissioner's manner was almost tantalising when it came to the declaration of the winner of the Rally Day Banner. The percentages of attendance were high—startlingly so, in some cases—and as the Commissioner kept pausing, we felt that surely, surely, he had reached the highest figure. One hundred and forty percent—we almost held our breath, and then, as he added, "Winnipeg Social Corps," the cheering drowned any more words he might have said. Everyone was glad, wholeheartedly, generously glad, that the Social Corps was the successful contestant. Mrs. Captain Walker, the Y.P.S.M., went to the platform to receive the Banner, and carried it triumphantly back to her Young People. After a few closing remarks from the Commissioner, and the benediction pronounced by Colonel Miller, the gathering jubilantly dispersed.

During the Meeting Major Tyndall prayed, the Chief Secretary read a Scripture portion, and also spoke interestingly, and the Citadel Band rendered two songs. The Master of Ceremonies, Guard Eva Atkinson, Winnipeg Social Corps, recited the year's Memory Texts, and Bandsman Waksdahl contributed a combinatorial musical item—D.O.J.

TERRITORIAL Y.P. SHIELD AND DIVISIONAL BANNERS THE COMMISSIONER'S SHIELD VANCOUVER III (Grandview)

WINNERS OF THE DIVISIONAL BANNERS

Manitoba and N. W. Ont. WINNIPEG CITADEL Adj. and Mrs. Acton
Southern Saskatchewan REGINA II Ens. and Mrs. Hammond
Northern Saskatchewan N. BATTLEFORD Capt. and Mrs. Chapman
Alberta CALGARY III Capt. C. Watt, Lieut. Lapp
Southern B.C. GRANDVIEW (Van. III) Ens. and Mrs. McEachern

Christmas in Women's Institutions, Winnipeg

Saturday, December 24th, was a day to be remembered in some of the Women's Social Institutions, for had it not been arranged that on that day Christmas should be celebrated? Great preparations had taken place at Kildonan Industrial Home, and as the visitors entered the Hall the decorations and long tables dressed in Christmas array presented a very pleasing scene.

The girls thoroughly enjoyed the good things provided by Captain and Mrs. Miller, and their assistants, and followed which the well known and ever welcome friend, Santa Claus, arrived. He came well supplied with nuts and candy, while in the background was to be seen the Christmas tree, decorated and laden with useful presents for each girl and babe.

At this juncture Mrs. Commissioner Rich spoke words of counsel and cheer, reminding us of what Christmas really means, that Jesus was the gift of God, and that giving to others brings pleasure to the giver. The Commissioner also added his word of cheering counsel. In the evening the girls furnished a Christmas programme. Brigadier Park opened the proceedings with song and prayer and then introduced Colonel Miller as the chairman of the evening. The programme was all well rendered, the cantata and dialogues being especially good. The final item was the "Building

of the Cross." Preparation for and rendering of such a programme will surely have an uplifting influence upon the minds of all who took part.

The same evening a happy time was spent amongst the Home girls at Grace Hospital, when nearly fifty sat down to prettily decorated tables, laden with good eats, kindly provided by Major Whittaker and arranged by Staff-Captain Hansell. Justice was done to all the good things by those assembled.

As soon as dinner was over Santa made his inevitable appearance. The Christmas trees were laden with an abundance of suitable presents for each girl and infant, and for a time sorrow was forgotten amidst the happy laughter. The evening was concluded by all joining in playing some simple and happy games.

According to their usual programme, the Citadel Band visited the hospital towards midnight; they brought much cheer and blessing by playing the sweet old carols which brought afresh to the minds of the patients the fact that a Saviour was born in a Bethlehem manger, and His name was called Jesus, for He would save His people from their sins.

Here again the Commissioner and Mrs. Rich, and Colonel and Mrs. Miller added to the enjoyment of the occasion by their presence and helpful words.

And so ended a very happy day spent in these two institutions.—A.P.

The Festive Season at Vancouver

BRIGADIER Layman tells us that the Salvationists of Vancouver lived up to their name as "The Army of the Helping Hand," working for weeks ahead so that the deserving poor should not be overlooked or the hungry go unfed. The Social and Corps and Headquarters were one co-operative band, whether with the "Pots" or in operating the Mail Service.

Over two thousand people were provided with a hearty Christmas dinner in their own homes, and numbers of useful garments were distributed. Those within the Institutions of The Army in the city also enjoyed extra holiday fare and cheer; and there still remains a balance in hand which may be put to use by the needy ones during the remaining winter months.

The Brigadier remarks that, this all shows we have a secure place in the confidence of the people who have something to contribute, as well as being a declaration of the trust of those who turn to us in their need. "The Army gives God the glory and says a big 'Thank you' to all concerned."

A further wired message, just to hand, informs us that an impressive and blessed Watch-Night Service was held in Vancouver. All the Corps united for this special event, at which Brigadier Layman, the Divisional Commander, and Adjutant Greenaway, the Y.P. Secretary, were both present. The Y.P. Rally held on Monday boasted a record attendance, and amid much rejoicing the Attendance Banner was awarded to the North Vancouver Y.P. Corps. The Vancouver Citadel Band paid an appreciated visit to the Okalla Penitentiary on Monday morning.

The Chief Secretary at St. James

Much blessing and inspiration resulted from the visit of the Chief Secretary and Mrs. Colonel Miller to St. James where they led helpful New Year Meetings. The Colonel's direct messages brought visions of greater usefulness to the Soldiers and friends, and at night resulted in a general consecration. Ensign and Mrs. Ede, the Corps Officers, and the Band, under Bandmaster (Captain) Watt, supported throughout the day.

The Commissioner's Holiday

(Continued from page 7)

how they sang; how quick to seize every point of the programme—whether impromptu or arranged; scarcely an intellectual fool there, one could almost say, only

And in the midst of it all, a message of "Try again; don't give up; the future is before you; never mind the past; confess it; make your restitution; you can, and then on again to better days, and if nobody else will help you we will." There you have the gist of the Commissioner's personal message, and the whole gamut of the musical programme.

Surely a man was shown that wintry day which will take root and spring up and bring forth a hundred-fold. Have we not seen, again and again, the harvests of which we dreamed. As we knelt in prayer by the side of the blinded, paralysed old convict, after hearing his songs of repentance, and listening to the Chief Secretary thank God for the salvation and courage of this man, we already saw the harvest.

And in all these activities Mrs. Commissioner Rich has been taking in, ably, with cheerful mien and voice. The Chief Secretary and Mrs. Miller have brought into it all their usual jovial comradeship; Lt. Colonel and Mrs. Dickerson and Brigadier Park have seen to it that their institutions have had a "good time"; Lt. Colonel Sims has attended to the children, and there is not a Divisional Commander or Officer of The Army throughout the Territory—we think—who should not come in for their mea of thankfulness and commendation. Some holiday! Yes, we know all about that, but it has made a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Our BANDSMEN AND SONGSTERS

Reading Music at Sight

A call to Diligent Study and Constant Practice

MANY Army Bandsmen are apt to overlook the fact that it is most essential for them to acquire the ability of reading music at sight if they are to become efficient instrumentalists; and my remarks—by no means exhaustive—are written in the hope that they will be an incentive—particularly to young Bandsmen—to “get down” to diligent study and practice.

As several weeks elapse between the publication of Journals some Bandsmen, whose early attempts to master a new composition are unsuccessful, frequently console themselves with the thought that there is plenty of time in which to learn the piece. For a player to do this he not only retards his own advancement, but hampers the progress of the Band.

A Saving of Time

All Bandsmen should consistently practise a new sheet before going to the Band practice. If this is done much of the Bandmaster's time taken up with teaching individual parts would be saved, and the “temper” of the Band kept up to par.

Many Bandsmen rely on their ear or memory, which practise is detrimental to proficient sight reading. Such a one is more likely to deteriorate and sooner or later become a “back number.”

Sight reading does not only mean being able to read the notes at sight, but also the quick and intelligent observation of the marks of expression and tempo. This is just as important as the reading of the notes—for the piece of music is absolutely ineffective unless due attention is paid to these marks.

It is understood that it will not be possible for the player to correctly interpret a composition the first time he “runs” through it. This can only be obtained by careful study under the Bandmaster's direction and by each Bandsmen recognizing the part and place of his fellow players, for there must be complete affinity between them. If, however, they can all read the various marks of expression, etc., at sight the practice is made

far more interesting and not a moment is wasted.

With careful study and diligent practice a player can phrase correctly at sight; particularly if the tune is familiar to him; and a new melody should present no difficulties as regards phrasing—if he endeavors to understand the theme.

It is evident there are many Bandsmen who fail to realize the necessity of knowing the fingering of all scales. It is good practice to transpose tunes into difficult keys and play them. This can be done with a tune from memory, transposing music at sight, or writing the piece out (in the difficult key) first. A thorough knowledge of the scales will be of great advantage in certain difficult passages that now frequently occur in Army Journals. The knowledge is also valuable to players who assist in Prayer Meetings, when very often choruses are pitched in supposedly “impossible keys” and would dispense with the discords made by the players in their endeavor to “find” the key.

The one and only remedy for those who are poor sight readers is systematic, intelligent, conscientious, and constant practice, and the player can rest assured that such application and effort on his part will not be in vain.

Player Must Look Ahead

One of the “secrets,” if such it may be termed, of successful sight reading is for the player to look ahead, that is read his music at least one or two bars ahead of the notes being played. On a pause note one can take advantage of seeing what the next few bars contain, and in a resting part, providing this does not interfere with keeping count of the time, opportunity should be found for acquainting oneself with the next passage.

There is no excuse for inefficient or careless sight reading on the part of brass instrumentalists. A player on the piano has to read several notes at a time and often has to glance at the piano keys, and players of stringed instruments have often to make sure of their fingering, whereas the brass player reads one note at a time, and has no reason to look at his instrument—A.R.L.

The First Staff Band of The Army

By Lt.-Commissioner Unsworth

Another Band with which I was connected as an Officer is looked upon as the first Staff Band of The Salvation Army. It was stationed in the city of Salisbury, in the year 1879. This ancient city, with its numerous churches and religious houses, its stately and beautiful cathedral, with spire reaching towards the clouds, was noted in those days for its bitter antagonism to the work of The Salvation Army.

Our Hall, named the Salvation Stores, was situated in a back street. It had formerly been a joiner's shop of two floors. The middle floor had been removed, with the exception of the ends, which were held up with pillars and formed galleries. Such was the place of worship of the Salvationists. To join those who gathered therein was to incur the penalty of social ostracism. Sunday after Sunday hundreds of fellows of the baser sort gathered in the great marketplace to break up the Open-Air Meetings and assault the little heroic Band, who, with their Flag, dared to come there and assert the right of freedom of speech and worship, under the canopy of Heaven.

In the midst of all this, was it a wonder that friends were few? Yet God remembered the little band. In the city was a family consisting of a godly father and mother and four stalwart sons.

Bandmaster Fry

Mr. Charles Fry (known afterwards throughout The Salvation Army by the more familiar title of Bandmaster Fry) was a builder and contractor, assisted in his work by his sons, and had very bright prospects. The Army had attracted him most by its Holiness teaching. Passionately fond of music, he not only taught himself to play the cello, but each of his sons had also inherited his musical tastes and had learned an instrument of some kind. The home was indeed full of music and song. The father, perhaps the sweetest singer of them all, not only sang, but composed songs of great charm and power.

About Christmas, 1879, our Founder visited Salisbury, and after the Meeu consulted me, as the Commanding Officer, about the Army employing for its service this family of musicians. For, he it said, Mr. Fry had decided to throw in his lot completely with us, and his family had decided to join him in the spiritual venture. They were the days of small things so far as The Army was concerned, and the sons were financially and otherwise—had to be most carefully considered. With that caution which characterized the Founder, he pondered over the question and made it the subject of prayer, and decided to give them a trial. The experiment succeeded, and within a few days the Fry family had sold out their comfortable home and commenced their great work of music and song.

Visiting London and the Provinces, generally with the Founder, great crowds were attracted and blessed. Vocal as well as instrumental music was used. Sometimes the Founder himself sang the solo with his sons joining in the chorus, and at other times they would sing together as a party. Few will remember those days now, but those whose good fortune it was to be present at the Meetings will never forget the singing of these my Father's children and other such sweet, soul-stirring melodies.

So the old city of Salisbury is honored in Salvation Army history as the Corps that, in the time of its direct need, parted with its greatest musical asset to help on the spreading of God's work and developing in The Army that great phase of activity which has become one of the wonders of the world.

Our Occasional Talk

IT occurs to me that these “occasional talks” are developing into a weekly affair, but I really cannot bring myself to make a break. I hope nobody minds, but if they do there are ways and means by which I can be told.

The thought which is in my mind today is that God has a wonderful way of respecting our manhood—or our womanhood, as the case may be—our independence, while at the same time doing everything for us; and yet in such a way that it does not irk us, but gives us a great feeling that we “are doing the job ourselves.” This thought has been impressed on my mind just now because of a happy little story I have been reading.

The Guiding Hand

“A coachman was driving a big, open, two-horse brake along Queen's Ferry Road, Edinburgh, evidently out for exercise. There was nobody in the carriage, but I noticed that the little son and heir of the owners of the turnout, a lad of nine, was up on the box with the coachman, and, honour bright, he was driving. Life was real, life was earnest, for that boy up there. His driving was no make-believe. He was standing between the coachman's knees; his soft white hands held the reins, and went in, and out, and his little brows knitted, as those horses tossed their heads and spanked along the highway. But I also noticed, all around the soft white hands of the lad, those hands of iron of the coachman, ready to clasp, and close in an instant, if anything should arise beyond the lad's strength or skill.”

Never Outbriding Himself

Some poet, I forget who, has said, “My heart leaps up when I behold a rainbow in the sky.” So does mine; but there are things nearer than rainbows, that prompt me to a remembrance of a present God. And I say to myself, there it is—God doing everything for us, but not outbriding Himself. We have to stand on our own feet, and feel our own weight, and handle the reins, and knit our brows as if we were doing it all, only—don't knit your little brow into a headache Comrade of mine, for He is there.

No Sunday Job!

“Yes, I have a great respect for The Salvation Army,” exclaimed a man to an Army Bandsmen.

Asked his reasons for the emphatic statement which was quite voluntarily given, the man continued, “A Salvationist called at my shop one Saturday afternoon, and asked if I could mend his children's boots by ten o'clock that night as they were wanted for school on the Monday morning.”

“No,” I said, “I'm too busy to let you have them back tonight, but I'll send them round first thing on Monday.”

“Good,” said The Army man, “but wait a minute. An idea has just struck me. When are you going to mend 'em?”

“Tomorrow,” I replied.

“Well, then, I won't leave them,” he said, to my astonishment, and admiration. “I'll bring 'em in again on Monday,” and he did.”

A Bandsman's Conversation

Caused a man to think, and led him to seek Salvation

One of the Bandsmen of the Royal Oak Corps, Michigan, while waiting for a car to go to the Hall, was asked by a man, driving a motor car, where he was going. On informing him of his destination, the man told him to get in and he would take him to the Army; so he went on his way to the next town. To the surprise of the Salvationists who were still in the Hall, the gentleman, also, after dropping the Bandman, came to the Meeting.

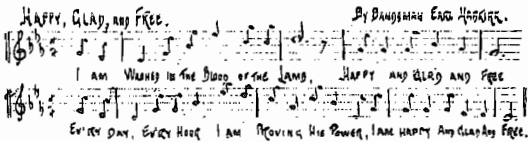
In conversation with the Captain, he told him he desired to have a little talk with him, and went on to say that as a result of the conversation with the Bandsmen, the Lord had also spoken to him. While the Bandman was still there he got truly converted—Chicago, U.S.A. “War Cry.”

Haydn has a Whipping

When Haydn was a boy he used to sing in the choir of the Cathedral at Vienna, and he and his companions were always up to mischief. One of their favorite occupations was to climb up on the scaffolding at the Royal Palace, which was then undergoing alterations; and one day the Empress looked out of her window and saw Haydn perched high up above all his friends.

She immediately sent a message to the choir-master, complaining of the boy's behaviour, and requesting that “that fair-headed blockhead, the ringleader of all, should have a good hiding.”

Years later, when Haydn was chief musician to Prince Esterhazy and famous throughout the country, the Empress came to hear him play, and Haydn reminded her of the good hiding she had once ordered for him.





Central Watch-Night Celebration WINNIPEG CITADEL

It was a new and moving impression which came to us during the last moments of 1921. We were prepared for a period of mental repose and silent prayer, as much as one can when every siren in the city is wailing a new hymn, but instead we saw out the old and sang in the new, with the prayerful concentration chorus: "In Thee, O Lord, do I put my trust," and sweet and refreshing was the experience—and many another would give similar testimony.

Staff Captain and Mrs. Steele were our leaders, and we were greatly invigorated by song and spoken word. Mrs. Steele's forceful intonation, and the D.C.'s trite and impressive reminders of some New Year "I wills" set us aflame with new resolves and aspirations.

Lt.-Colonel Joyce and Adjutant Acton added their words of advice and counsel; the latter stirring us greatly.

Then, after midnight, came our Early Morning Testimony Meeting, in which veteran and junior alike participated, and so home to "carry on" for another year.

MACLEOD

Captain Wagner and Lieut. Fowler—Our record-hold Y.P. Christmas Demonstration was a great success; the Juniors and Y.P. Workers presented an interesting program, dialogue, musical items and recitations, all well rendered. After the program, presents were distributed to each junior, Santa Claus being especially generous in his candy and fruit. Donated by Sister Mrs. J. Allen, were also given to the Young People and much appreciated. We then closed with prayer and went home with a song of praise in their hearts.—Old-Timer.

MAPLE CREEK

Captain O'Donnell and Lieut. W. Thompson—"Things are going well here and much could be said about the increased congregation, the number of seekers, and the splendid spirit of the Meeting. The Memorial Service for Colonel Combe, held on a recent Sunday, was a feature of the evening. Sergeant Fowler, Colourbearer of the British and Foreign Bible Society, was present and spoke an active part. The Y.P. Christmas Demonstration was splendid, but we will say no more about it as it has been reported elsewhere. We had a large number of people who attended. "The best yet," and just such a one as "The Army only can produce." The Christmas Sunday Service was presided over by all our Officers are doing well.—Interested.

REGINA CITADEL

Adjutant and Mrs. George Mundy—Beautiful Christmas Meetings were led by our Officers, and much blessing and joy were theirs. In the morning Mrs. Mundy delivered an inspiring address, which brought home to many hearts. A happy testimony period, a feature of the evening gathering, and many Soldiers were glad to be able to sing "God in such a public fashion, for His Gifts to a Soldier." In the evening the Christmas Spirit was even more to be felt, and the singing of Christmas songs blessed many a soul. Commandant Beattie read the Scripture portion, the Songsters rendered "Wonderful story of Love," and the Smiths, from the Training Garrison, and whom we were all delighted to see, gave a heart-felt testimony, and made an urgent appeal to all to unspeakably to the Lord. A beautiful Altar Service presented a means by which many of those gathered together might express their thankfulness to the Lord. Mundy gave a stirring address, his text being, "And there was no room for Him in the Inn."—Our Christmas Y.P. Demonstration was held the following Thursday: every item was well rendered.—W.A.W.

FORT WILLIAM

Home League and Caroling Veterans. Captain and Mrs. King—Nine nights of carolling resulted in the collection of the C.P. Funds of the splendid sum of \$454.28—a record for this Corps, at any rate. The Carolers are much indebted to the Christmas League. Work, the result of much effort on the part of the Home League members, brought in the sum of \$120.00; this sale is the largest that has been put on during the term of office of the present Home League Secretary six years—and was a very creditable affair.

Mayor J. E. Crawford presided over our recent Christmas Demonstration. The hall was packed to capacity, and which evoked much admiration from interested citizens.

On Saturday with us on the weekend Captain Edward Lawlor of T.H.Q. A splendid address was given for the watch-night service, starting at 9:30 on Sunday morning. We had a grand time and felt that I could have very near to us, the Christmas League members, were during the past year, was interesting and even during the again constrained to ask ourselves, "Where am I?" The various Meetings are well attended, and we attended and productive of much blessing. We had a real time of Salvation fighting in the Christmas Meeting.

On Monday evening we had a special praise Meeting with the additional pleasure of the company of Captain and Mrs. Boyle from Fort Arthur and Envoy and Mrs. Feacock from Regina, who were given a hearty welcome. The Captain's talk, "People are not made of clay," and we closed with the old-fashioned wind-up, singing the "Gloria." "Blest be the tie that binds."

It has been a good weekend, we've had a real good time every night, and we are in the best of all, we welcomed two souls to the cross. God is with us and for us, we are in for a victorious 1922.—"Nervic"

CHRISTMAS WITH THE NATIVE PEOPLE

AT GLEN VOWELL

Captain and Mrs. Varlett—Things are much alive up here in this isolated Corps, seven miles from the nearest town and railway station, God has, and still continues to work among us, and some wonderful Penitent-Forest scenes have been witnessed during the past few weeks. The work came in November, and from then until the present time, sixteen adults have knelt at the Mercy-Seat, and there have found pardon; they are testifying to the fact today. Our Hall has been filled again and again, even when the bad weather has necessitated the people walking through a foot of or so of snow. There are no snow-ploughs, side-walks or street-lamps in Glen Vowell, but that does not stop or hinder the native people from coming to the Meetings. It is all wonder that they dance and shout because of God's blessing or that men and women get saved and restored. Some of the returned wanderers have been backsliders for a long time.

Christmas was the occasion for a big Y.P. Demonstration, in which the young people did well. This was held in the Village Hall, and over a hundred friends gathered to witness the interesting program. This is the largest and most important event of the year among the natives, they look forward to it with great interest, and when it comes will work night and day to make it a success. Some splendid tableaux and the arrival of Santa Claus were the main items of the evening.

When the Natives are happy and contented Christmas-time is the custom to burn candles in the window of every house. This was the order of the day this Christmas, and made a very pretty sight. On Christmas morning early, one of the women of the village knocked at the Mission House door, and, when admitted, after wishing the Officers a happy day, gave white stuff; this was done to every house in the village.

Very inspiring and well attended Meetings were held on Christmas Day, conducted by the Officers and Soldiers of Glen Vowell, Hazelton and Cedarvale wish to send their heartiest thanks to Lt.-Commissioner and Mrs. Rich, Lt.-Colonel Sims, Major Joynt, and the Officers and Commanders of Vancouver 4, as well as to Brother and Sister Houghton, their officers, all of whom so kindly brought toys and money to make this Christmas such a happy and enjoyable time.—Interested.

Through the pages of "The War Cry," the Officers and Soldiers of Glen Vowell, Hazelton and Cedarvale wish to send their heartiest thanks to Lt.-Commissioner and Mrs. Rich, Lt.-Colonel Sims, Major Joynt, and the Officers and Commanders of Vancouver 4, as well as to Brother and Sister Houghton, their officers, all of whom so kindly brought toys and money to make this Christmas such a happy and enjoyable time.—Interested.

COMING EVENTS

The Chief Secretary

COLONEL GIDEON MILLER

Saskatoon

Edmonton I

Edmonton II

Edmonton III

Edmonton IV

Edmonton V

Edmonton VI

Edmonton VII

Edmonton VIII

Edmonton IX

Edmonton X

Edmonton XI

Edmonton XII

Edmonton XIII

Edmonton XIV

Edmonton XV

Edmonton XVI

Edmonton XVII

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Edmonton XIX

Edmonton XX

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Edmonton XLI

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Edmonton XLVIII

Edmonton XLIX

Edmonton L

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Sunday Evening, Jan. 15

Fri.-Tues., Jan. 20-24

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The Field Secretary

BRIGADIER BRAMWELL TAYLOR

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Lt.-Colonel Goodwin to the Front

VANCOUVER IV—GRANVILLE ST.

Ensign E. Payne and Lieut. F. Cook—Our Christmas Sunday Meetings were conducted by Lt.-Colonel Goodwin, accompanied by Adjutant Saunders. The Holy Mass Meeting was fully clothed with the Spirit of God, and with inspiration, help and blessing to many, but especially to the young men who knelt at the Mercy-Seat at the close of the Colonel's address. We had a rousing evening Open-Air, our stand being just outside a large apartment block. At the request of one of the gentlemen residing there, everyone was in fighting trim for the Salvation Meeting, where the song and testimony met with the Christmas message of peace and joy. In the Prayer-Meeting led by the Colonel, and following the Adjutant's Salvation address, a young girl accepted Christ as her Saviour. We concluded the day's fighting with a wind-up, and a march around the Hall. The following Wednesday our Christmas Demonstration was held, and in this all the young people did splendidly. Great credit is due to Captain Evers for her work in the direction.—F.B.C.

EDMONTON MEN'S SOCIAL

At the Jail on Christmas Day

Closing their activities on Monday night with the provision of a real old-fashioned story for the inmates of the Borden Jail. Ensign E. Payne, Adjutant and Mrs. Stewart and the staff of the Edmonton Men's Social can look back upon a Christmas day well spent, and with the satisfaction of every evidence of a spiritual awakening in those amongst whom they labored.

On Christmas Day a bright Meeting was held at Bonnie Doon which was attended by all those who were capable of attending, showing that this institution has a religious significance of Christmas is not lost sight of.

Meetings on both the men's and women's side of the Provincial Jail at Fort Saskatchewan were the order for the day, and the attendance of over one hundred at these Meetings showed the interest and appreciation of the inmates. It was gratifying to have some twenty of the inmates express their intention of changing their ways, and leaving behind them that old devil stand for Christ.

The singing of the chorus, "Have Thine own way, O Lord," brought back a flood of old memories to one man in the jail. He recalled that after the Meeting which he had attended some years ago and at which this chorus had been sung he walked out fighting the dictates of the conscience and refusing to listen to the promptings of the spirit to yield his life to God. Years of a sinful and worldly life had been bringing him ultimately to the jail and with it the opportunity to reflect upon his past life and plan for his future. Again this chorus found its way to his conscience during the Meeting on Christmas Day and the singing of this chorus was the turning point in his life, and the Adjutant had the satisfaction of receiving his assurance that in the future he would be as the day in the Father's hands.

The Meeting in the Men's Hotel in the evening was replete with incident and good results. The address of Captain and Mrs. Tanner's child was followed by the enrollment of three soldiers into the Corps and at the close of the evening had the gratification of receiving from the Adjutant five truly accurate to be remembered in prayer.

There was a memorable day and one which gives cause for much thanksgiving.

On Monday afternoon the Adjutant again transferred to Bonnie Doon. At this Institution Captain and Mrs. Tanner had agreed not to give the gratification of the enrollment of three soldiers into the Corps and at the close of the evening had the gratification of receiving from the Adjutant five truly accurate to be remembered in prayer.

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The Colonel, of course, is one of our "am" and needs no introduction to anyone. His good words to tell us, anything, and Alaska and the Indian way is of much interest to us. We are pleased to hear that the Colonel is well and happy, and that he is to be promoted to the rank of Major. It was Dray's first visit to Vancouver, and he is to be promoted to the rank of Major. It was Dray's first visit to Vancouver, and he is to be promoted to the rank of Major.

The Band, in addition to giving a Christmas program, also rendered several seasons in the Salvation Meeting, as did the Sober Band, and the Christmas program was well appreciated. After the Colonel's address a number of penitents were welcomed.—G.A.

Carols in Hospital, Citadel and Jail

AT PRINCE ALBERT

Ensign and Mrs. Fugelsang—During the Christmas season we have been having some splendid times in this Corps. Every night for the past week we have been having a carolling which reminded the people of the city of the real meaning of Christmas by visiting the residential section and singing well known carols. Mrs. Fugelsang has also been busy. Her idea was to cheer the patients at the hospital and so daily little baskets were made which were filled with candy and on Christmas morning a number of Soldiers visited the hospital and sang carols after which "War Cry" and the hospital of candy were distributed to the patients. Needless to say we cheered them and they were very much appreciated. The carolling in the Citadel, which was very nicely conducted for the Christmas season. A very good crowd attended and we were very much appreciated. The carolling was joined in heartily by the congregation. In the Salvation Meeting at night there was another good attendance and we were very much appreciated. The carolling was joined in heartily by the congregation. In the Salvation Meeting at night there was another good attendance and we were very much appreciated.

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Our activities were not ended on Sunday night because on Monday the day was spent in Ensign Lieut. Thierstein and Brother Bliss Murray dined with the members of the Corps. Ensign E. Payne, Adjutant and Mrs. Stewart and the staff of the Edmonton Men's Social can look back upon a Christmas day well spent, and with the satisfaction of every evidence of a spiritual awakening in those amongst whom they labored.

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THE CORPS AT LA PRAIRIE

Being the Epistles of Hephzibah Nott, School Teacher

A story of Western Canada



Start the Story here:

Hephzibah Nott, otherwise Effie—the writer of these epistles to the home folks—is a school teacher who has taken up duty at a small country school. She finds herself in a circle of Salvationism, and at first would utter no word sure that she enjoyed the experience, but in her last letter she tells her parents of her first Army Meeting and how it resulted in her own conversion. We met Mary Kirk is one of her scholars who was met with an accident. Pa and Ma Crompton are her host and hostess. Hector is the young son of the family—Brenda the youthful daughter, and Gus is an Army immigrant farm boy.

CHAPTER X WAS IT JACK?

The Dell,
La Prairie,
Oct. 9th.

Dearest of Dear People:

I've received your sweetest of letters, and talk about the kettle on the stove—all my being is singing glory!

It has been a week of good things and I've a feeling that more good things are ahead. You know in my last letter I told you I was not having a very joyous experience: I couldn't get the glory into my heart, anyhow. Down at The Army they sing a chorus:

"I've got the joy, joy, joy
Down in my heart,
Glory to His Name."

They sing it at the slightest provocation and thump and clap it out, with all the pep in the world, and I have wondered more than once if it were so, or only just a song. Oh, you should hear the children sing it at The Army "Juniors"—they simply yell it, and the other day I found that the children at my school knew it, and when, for mere fun, I started it in recess the other morning, I thought the roof would come apart. It was screamingly funny to hear we Isaac Grozinsky trying to get the English pronunciation, and falling back on "I've got the joy, joy, joy."

Like a Flash my Joy Came

But, as I say, I didn't get this joy until a few evenings ago. I was coming home from school—the evenings are lovely now—along the path through the woods, and like a flash my joy came: it just came like that. I had been thinking about Mother McLachlan's words: "The dear Lord is calling you to a great service," and my mind was full of wonderment, and then, as I say, the joy did come, and dearest folks, I saw my path marked out before me. I guess you know what I saw—but I'll not tell you yet.

I try to keep my letters, as far as possible, a sort of a diary of my movements, and so I must have had for a few days, although it is a bit of a job to pass by, even for a few moments, the gladness of your letter. It came yesterday and was waiting for me on my arrival home from school—and then my cup did run over—and my joyous tears, too.

Well, last Sunday was a great day. Up in the morning early, it was just delightful not to have to hurry over my dressing. (Say, I see earlier rising before me when my hair grows again, for I don't think it's "Army" to have it bobbed, and that will please you two dear old-fashioned things.)

Hector is Charmingly Sociable

But I was up—for me—quite soon, and all ready for my breakfast, and during the meal Hector, who is getting charmingly sociable, said "Go right down to The Army this morning, Effie?" (You'll note the advance in familiarity.) And naturally I said I would like to go, naturally supposing that the old aunt would be requisitioned, but I found out that it meant a walk for me, and when we started down, I found it was to be a due performance. Brenda was on the Home Service list. So we started off, a lovely, lovely morning, and a lovely walk. My young friend showed himself a most delightful companion, full of quiet fun, but not silly, and of course, a most enthusiastic Salvationist. He told me the story of his own conversion,

and how upset his father and mother were at first, but how the last Captain—a lad—used to visit him at The Dell, and gradually won them around. He, the Captain, did it in the simplest of ways—one would almost wonder that such a little thing would affect such a situation. He used to ring up Mrs. Crompton and say he was coming out to see Hector, and was "there anything she wanted from the Store." "Now, isn't that a thoughtful boy," Ma would say, and so, in the end, the good deed was done, and, maybe, I'm in The Army today because of the same thing, for it was Pa and Ma made me listen to The Army in the first place.

It Was a Sacred Time

There were very few in the morning Meeting at the Hall, but it was just a sacred time, and I was helped over so much, although as I told you, my joy hadn't come.

I stayed down town to lunch. I had it at the Quarters—as they call the Captain's residence, and had some good

which they also shouted and clapped through. Oh, it's great is the Juniors—or should it be the Juniors? I don't know, it's a language all its own is The Army.

Uncle usually takes some of the boys in the afternoon Meeting, but he had gone back to give Gus a chance to get off earlier—oh, that boy Gus! I've got a great tale to tell you about his doings on this same day—but that must wait.

For the night Meeting all the household—except Gus—arrived in town and, what do you think, they also brought Mrs. Kirk and her dear fearful old mother. Pa Crompton had taken the old auto around that way and brought them along. At first it had been the plan they should go to Church, but en route they changed their mind and to the great glee of Brenda and Hector, and the quiet confusion of the Captain, they had all made up their minds to come to The Army Meeting. What a crush they were in that old Ford, too, and it took some unpacking to get them all out. A Ford for five usually accom-

modates fifteen around these parts—that is, I must remind myself—if they are not a too big, say like Mr. Wilson.

Of course the "House Party," as I called them, did not stand for the street Meeting, but I took my first turn at it, and might add queer and cold I felt. It seemed to me that all the town was out, and gazing at me. As a matter of fact there were very few standing around; perhaps I should have felt better if there had been more.

Was it Jack?

You know, or you may not know, dearest parents, that sometimes The Army people take up a collection on the street, and while the Meeting was going along, the Lieutenant went off to this duty. I had seen a young man standing at some little distance from the ring, and although I did not like to keep turning to look around, I had such a feeling that he was somebody I knew. I think I should have looked longer only Mr. Dale drew me to attention by saying, "Eyes front, Sister Nott," and after that I did not like to look again. I saw the Lieutenant stop to say something to him, but he turned his head as she spoke and there was that about his manner of turning his head away which made me say to myself, "Oh, I wonder if it is Jack?" But you know it is such a long time since I have seen him that I'm afraid I shouldn't know him. When the Lieutenant came back to the ring I asked her to go and speak

to him again, and she moved over to do so. (I had told her of my fancy.) But he saw her coming and moved over to the hotel. Surely, if it had been Jack, he would have known me.

I kept thinking about it all through the Meeting indoors, and I did not enjoy the service as I might have done. When I could get to the phone at The Dell I rang up the hotel and asked if they had a Mr. John Nott staying there, but they came back and said nobody answered to that name. But I've still a feeling it was Jack, and that he was purposely keeping out of my way. I told the Captain about it the next morning over the phone, but she has not managed to get any news for me. Oh, say, dear ones, supposing it was Jack and I did not speak to him. I am not used to rest until I actually find out. In fact, I'm finishing up this letter now before supper so that I can get down town tonight. Hector tells me there are always a lot of young chaps standing listening to The Army on Saturday.

There, now, I find I've told you little or no news, and only, perhaps, raised your hopes for nothing. Anyway, "Keep believing," as the Captain says.

God bless you dearests

Yours lovingly,

Effie.

Next Week: Effie and her brother—Gus gets into trouble—Another letter from home.

SELKIRK

On a Bob Sleigh with the Christmas "Cry" Ensign and Mrs. Majory Our new Officers have entered into the spirit of the season when we admire. It was no easy task with Christmas and its attendant busy days so near at hand, and all the seasonal activities have gone well. Our Home League Sale, at which Staff Captain and Mrs. Steele and Ensign Houghton were present, proved to be a great success. The Christmas "War Cry" went well; one day we noticed the Ensign and his good wife mounting a box sleigh, and crossing the Red River to dispose of some of the "Crys." On December 26 we held our Christmas "War Cry" program. An outstanding item of which was a shadowgraph, under the direction of the Ensign; he was easily assisted by a number of boys, who surely were never so busy before. The evening was gone all too soon. With Mrs. Majory's assistance the program was certainly delightful and much enjoyed, as was the entrance of Santa Claus—N.M.

MOOSE JAW HOME LEAGUE

The Sale of Work held at the Citadel by the Home League on December 2nd, was most successful. The Sale was opened by Adjutant McNeill at 2:30 p.m., where a goodly number had gathered and continued to come until 5:30 p.m., when a supper was served, followed by a social program.

The proceeds amounted to \$127.00, this being the second Sale this year, the result of three months' work. The total for the year's activities being \$300.00.

Not only has God blessed the League financially but the spirit of good feeling and comradeship which exists among the members cannot be estimated.

The Home League members are to be congratulated on the good result of the effort. They worked hard, and gave generously to the cause, and we wish to thank them all for the assistance they so willingly rendered.—Mrs. Fletcher, H.L.S.

BRIGADIER AND MRS. CARTER AT FORT ROUGE

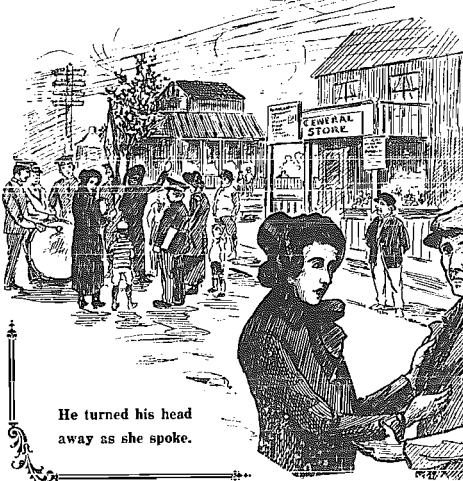
Captain Reed and Lieut. Laurie, A surprisingly large number of Soldiers and friends gathered for the Watch-night Service, conducted by the Training Principal, and as a result of the Meeting, have been renewed. Much happy singing and some inspiring testimonies were very helpful. Both the Brigadier and Mrs. Carter gave encouraging words to the Soldiers, and the siren signalled the arrival of the New Year, the men in uniform, with us in civilian dress, all singing "All my days and all my hours."

FOURTEEN START THE NEW YEAR AFRESH AT SASKATOON II

Captain Reed and Mrs. Reed were present gathered for the Watch-night Service, conducted by Brigadier Gosling, assisted by Captain Cummins. The testimonies of the Soldiers were encouraging. One of the men determined to serve God better than ever.

Brigadier Reed, accompanied by Mrs. Gosling at night, and Mrs. Captain Middleton, in the morning. At the close of the day, a tourer incident was the Commissioning of Treasurer Smith as an Envoy. God bless him! The Soldiers, Bandmen and Mrs. Peters, who have removed to Regina, are to lose two of their men, but are used of God in their new surroundings.

C.C. 1111.



He turned his head
away as she spoke.

talks. Quite a simple little lunch nicely served—my Captain is a dear—and I did justice to it. Getting saved has improved my appetite. I feel so sad for the Captain too, she told me that she had written home again, but she did not expect any answer. Lieutenant, who is also a dear girl in many ways, but just a little restless in fact, was so proud of a photograph of her father and mother and two brothers, she had received a few days earlier. Bless her, she didn't know it, but it set me off saddening too, for I at once thought of our Jack. Isn't it too bad he doesn't write you about himself, let me get hold of him, and I'll hold his hand down on the paper and make him write. Poor old Jack, he means well, I think.

Sunday afternoon I stayed in for a few minutes and washed the dishes while the Officers went to the Open-Air Meeting, then, according to a promise, I had made them, I went round to the Hall for the Army Sunday School—Juniors I mean.

Say, it was fine. You would imagine I have enough of kiddies all the week, but this was different. It certainly was when the Lieutenant asked them what they would like to sing and they broke, boisterously, into the strains—once more—"I've got the joy, joy." And then with a violent transition they switched off to a most weird song of which I only caught a few words:

"Romans ten and nine
Is a favorite verse of mine,"

ARE YOU AT PEACE
WITH GOD OR

WAR CRY



ARE YOU AT PEACE
WITH THE DEVIL?

Vol. IX.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1928

No. 2

New Years Eve at the Winnipeg Hostel

Meetings conducted at the Hostel by Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Dickerson recently have been full of interest and very helpful. The soul-saving work going on at this Institution is most encouraging. Many of the men converted give bright, impressive testimonies to the saving power of Jesus. What a change is theirs!

The Watch Night Service, conducted by the Colonel and Mrs. Dickerson was well attended, and every moment was full of blessing and inspiration. The singing was enthusiastic and soulful. The swearing-in of four new Soldiers, and the Commissioning of Guard-Leader Ella Haines were features of the service made very helpful to all present.

The ten minutes given up to testimony were much enjoyed and greatly appreciated by those anxious to give testimony to the saving grace in the last hour of the Old Year.

Mrs. Colonel Dickerson read the Scriptures, and the Colonel gave a very impressive address on the words, "Where art Thou?" God truly inspired his message, and it was made a benediction to all present.

After three minutes' silent prayer, and as the hour struck twelve, the Comrades present greeted the New Year singing the very beautiful words, "Take My Life and Let it Be," etc. God was near us and after general hand-shaking, every blessed Meeting was brought to a conclusion. Brigadier and Mrs. Cummins, Major and Mrs. Habbkirk, with other Officers of the Staff, assisted the Colonel throughout these events.

We Are Looking For You

We will search for missing persons in any part of the world, befriend, and, as far as possible, assist anyone in difficulty. Address ENQUIRY DEPARTMENT, 317 - 319 Carlton St., Winnipeg, Manitoba, marking "Enquiry" on envelope.

One dollar should be sent with every case, where possible, to help defray expenses. In case of reproduction of photograph, three dollars (\$3.00) extra.



1768—Thomas Reid
Last heard of at Tuk-
kaske, Sask.
(See Photo)

1745—Carl Christian
Hansen. Born in As-
sens, Denmark, 1857;
came to Canada as
young man. During
late war was Ger-
man soldier. No.
1048613, 10th Com-
pany Canadian Forestry Corps. Parents in-
quiring.

1639—Frank M. Jones. Age 47; height 5 ft. 5 ins.; dark brown eyes; fair, clear complexion. Born at Walsall, England, and was an insurance agent. Relatives anxious.

1640—Ernest Alfred Hobart. Living on Logan Ave., Winnipeg. Wife anxious to locate.

1763—George James Payne. Age 38; height 6 ft. 3 ins.; dark hair; dark eyes; yellow complexion; native of London. Came out to Canada with Dr. Barnardo party in 1900. Last known address Newford, Sask.

1769—Harry Twigg. Missing since July, 1925. Age 45 to 50 years; height 5 ft. 5 ins.; dark hair; dark eyes; fresh complexion; occupation, shoemaker. For time was in B.C. Relatives un-
known.

1720—Ben Smith. Last known address, Ed-
monton Street, Winnipeg. Wife anxious to locate.

1725—Ernie Andersen. Breckle. Age 24;
yellow hair; blue eyes; last heard from April 1927.
Railway worker with C.N.R. Winnipeg. A friend
is anxious.

1729—David John Stoddart. Missing since
Christmas 1926; age 26; height 5 ft. 8 ins.; grey-
blue eyes; fair complexion, coal miner in Old
Country; native of Wales.

1733—Valentin Flutech. Last heard from
around Edmonton; relatives anxious to locate.

1752—Joyce D. C. McLane or Laine. Nick-
name Joek. Came to Canada this year; age
25½; height 6 ft. 11 in.; sandy hair; blue
eyes; high colored complexion. Woodcutter by
trade. News urgently wanted by friends in
England. Communicate immediately.

Souls and Soldiers

The Great Territorial Crusade during February



Simultaneous Action
on all Fronts!

....

The Campaign Opens Wednesday February 1st

With a

"Make It Known" Meeting

Wherever The Army Flag flies
in Canada West, the aims of the
Crusade will be this day generally
proclaimed.

Friday, February 3rd Half-Night of Prayer

From then on until the end of the
month an

Intensive Seeking For Souls

February 4th to February 20th

February 21st to February 27th

THE SENIOR CRUSADE

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S CRUSADE

February 29th

GREAT THANKSGIVING AND ENROLMENT

1819—Carl Arthur Vilhelm Emil Anderson.
Born in Copenhagen 1854; is usually called
Arthur Anderson; last heard of in B.C.; works
at clearing of woods or with hunting. Father
anxious.

1822—Albert Shales. Age 54; height 5 ft. 10
ins.; dark hair; blue grey eyes; swarthy com-
plexion. Native of Wolverhampton. Went to
Canada from Bathgate, Scotland, in 1913.
Brother very anxious.

1827—Charles Rourke. Age 28; height 5 ft.
8 ins.; fair hair; blue eyes; fair complexion.
Usually works as clerk in Hotels. Relatives
inquiring.

1828—Edward Harrison. Mrs. Wedderburn of
Port Elizabeth, South Africa, inquiring. Anyone
knowing this man's whereabouts kindly inform
this office.

The Vancouver Congress

January 20th - January 24th

The Commissioner and Mrs. Rich in command

The Deliberations of Daniel Domore

and of Dorcas
his Wife



Ste. A1, Styremur Mansion

Dear Mr. Editor:

You can regard yourself as being very
fortunate indeed. It is a wonder I am
alive to tell the tale. I had a sort of
feeling that I should catch it, but I just
felt I couldn't sit down under my Dinah's
letter and say nothing.

But if I'd been as wise before as after
the event, I'd have written that letter
last week and then thrown it in the stove.
My Dorcas has scarcely given me a
moment's rest from asking me if I'd
written you retracting (I think that's the
word she uses) what I'd said. I knew I
was in for it as soon as the new "War
Cry" came last Friday night. She put
the paper down on her lap, pushed her
spectacles up on her forehead, and just
looked at me. I got up and said I
wanted to phone the Captain. She said,
in a real "Maggie" style, "Yes, you'd
better phone. Go and phone the Editor
and resign; you're not fit to be a father,
let alone an Envoxy. I'm ashamed of
you." And then she cried, and cried,
and cried. What could I do but apologise
—but I meant all I said last week.

One ray of sunshine has come into my
bleak sky this week, and that is that
you phoned me to say Brigadier Cum-
mins had raised his weekly order. He's
an enterprising man he is and ought to
help out the Hostel funds considerable
with the extra profits.

What do you think we can do to stir
up folks? Of course, it's terrible cold
just now and not good weather for boom-
ing, but in summer it's terrible hot
and not good weather for booming.
What is wanted is more of the spirit of
the Cadet who nearly wept because
Brigadier Carter said there were no more
Christmas "Crys" for him to sell. Do
you think, Mr. Colleague, it was offered
a prize for suggestions we could get a
move on?

Don't you think, sir, that some folks
have got an idea that a journalist's life
is all "cheese and onions." I know it
isn't. I'd sooner look after the furnace
any day.

(Well, don't suppose you go down and
see it now; the room is nearly as cold as
your Envoxy is poor.) That's Dorcas,
Mr. Editor. Such is the life I have now-
adays. Do you think I'd better resign?

Dear Father:

I do think you are mean. When on earth
did you go and say all those things in your
column last week when I said you was
quite private; but it's just like you to go and
do a thing like that. I'm writing to you
and saying about it, so if you're in a hurry
out. You'll just be "nothing" after she has
done with you. N.B. Dan, she's the only
one who can put his "Cry" out. We're
going up ten next week.

Your faithful Envoxy,
Dinah.

So here endeth that chapter, I hope.
Don't forget, Mr. Editor, the phone
number is 28 785 and ask for me, not the
missus. Bless her, she is a dear, though.
Yours in the War,
Daniel Domore,
Envoxy.